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*520. HOWES, London, 1809.

The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus, translated [*verse*], with notes on the original by the Rev. F. Howes, A.M. *Four verses by Hall.* London: Printed for J. Mawman, Poultry, by H. Bryer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars. 1809. 8°. pp. xxviii + 143.

M, BM, Bodl.

The translator's first name was Francis; see no. 733.

HARVARD COLLEGE

THE

SATIRES

OF

A. PERSIUS FLACCUS,

TRANSLATED,

WITH NOTES ON THE ORIGINAL,

By the Rev. F. HOWES, A. M.

Ye antique Satires! how I bless your days,
That brook'd your bolder style, their own dispraise;—
And well-near wish (yet joy my wish is vain)
I had been then—or they been now again!

HALL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, POULTRY,

By H. Bryer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

1809.

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INTRODUCTION.

It has been usual to prefix to works of this kind a discussion of the respective merits of the three heroes of Roman Satire. Dryden has a spirited introduction of this kind, though too much besprinkled with fulsome flattery addressed to his patron. Mr. Gifford also has given us in his Juvenal an Essay on the origin, progress, and genius of the Roman Satire, which, with Dryden's prefatory Dedication, comprises all that is really valuable on the subject, exhibited in the most pleasing form. In each perhaps is discernible a little partial biass in favour of their own author, which would be very venial, even if it were justly to be called prejudice,—but which ought not, I think, in all cases, to be termed such. There are authors who, from obscurity of style or austerity of manner, do not please much on a first perusal, but who nevertheless, on a closer survey, rise upon the reader's esteem. The mind is at first so embarrassed with perplexities, that it has scarcely sufficient leisure to apprehend the detached beauties, much less the general spirit and effect. In examining the parts too closely and in detail, we overlook their mutual relation and the chain of thought which connects the whole. Like pioneers, we are so deeply occupied in clearing away the briars and brambles, that we lose the beauty of the surrounding scenery. By degrees, the ruggedness of the path is either levelled or familiarity reconciles us

to it, and then at last we begin to enjoy,—and to enjoy the more perhaps from the self-gratulation which is felt in looking back on difficulties surmounted. Obscurity is in itself undoubtedly a fault: but when it overshadows intrinsic excellence, the merits of a performance cannot be justly appreciated on a first or a careless perusal; and thus the enthusiasm with which a Translator speaks of his author, *may* sometimes be erroneously imputed to foolish partiality, while it really is the result of a clearer insight into its beauties. The reader will by this time have suspected the truth; that in pleading for others, I have an eye to myself. In fact, the admirers of Horace's light *badinage* and Juvenal's dignified invective are in general so liberal of their contempt to the *grave* Persius (as he is often called), and the praises which they heap upon their respective favourites are in general bestowed so exclusively, that I feel half afraid to profess myself, though without detracting from the merits of the other two, a warm admirer of Persius.

To inquire generally in what order of merit the three Roman Satirists are to be placed, *uter utro sit prior*,—appears to me a frivolous and indefinite sort of speculation. Ratio, say the Mathematicians, can exist only between homogeneous quantities: and in like manner a critic may observe, that the respective objects, manners, and tempers of these satirists are so different, that a comparison which weighs their various merits in the same scale, must of necessity be unfair and inconclusive.

It is a question which cannot be referred to any fixed standard; since every reader will adopt as his favorite, him whose turn is most congenial with his own. He that is fond of arch raillery at the foibles of mankind, will

prefer Horace; he that burns with indignation at its vices, will cry up Juvenal: and a third, who relishes keen irony and jeering sarcasms at its absurdities, will attach himself to Persius. But while each set of readers admit that the other two writers have merit in their way, their tastes, though different, are not absolutely contradictory.

There is however, another light in which these three Satirists may be viewed by the side of each other with some degree of advantage: I mean, if, after discerning in what particulars they differ, we ask why they so differ; and whether there be any known circumstances of time, place, parentage, &c. which conspired with natural temperament in determining each of them to be what he was.

Of Lucilius, the father of the legitimate Roman Satire, we have only a few scattered fragments remaining. These however are sufficient to show that the judgment which Horace has past upon him in the fourth and tenth Satires of his first Book, is at once just and candid. Lucilius's Satire was personal in the highest degree. He attacked vice and folly by exposing to ridicule the vitious and the foolish; and this object he pursued with unreserved severity, and a boldness truly republican. He lived at a time when the government had not yet made liberty of speech a crime, and when every instance of vice or vanity appeared the more striking from being contrasted with the general simplicity and integrity of the age. His birth, rank, and intimacy with some of the best and greatest men of his time, entitled him to lash the bad of every degree, without molestation or fear from their resentment. It must also be recollected that the old

Greek Comedy, out of which, by divesting it of its dramatic form and measure, Lucilius formed his Satire, abounded in broad humour and coarse personalities. It was to be expected therefore, that the free and licentious spirit of the model should be found also in the copy. Neither must we forget that the public taste had not yet acquired that delicacy and chasteness which distinguished the Augustan age. The *vestigia ruris* were not yet worn out. Add to this, that the bold pride of invention, and the want of preceding models to be surpassed, usually cause first efforts to be imperfect. Hence it is not surprising that, though witty and severe, he was often vulgar, rugged, and uncouth; that he threw out his compositions with a careless fluency, and easily satisfied himself, knowing that he could easily satisfy his readers.

Horace was in many respects the reverse. He was the son of a Freedman, and was the object of his father's most affectionate solicitude. He was brought to Rome at an early period of his life, and there received a liberal education under his father's watchful eye. See the sixth Satire of his first Book, where, with the deepest gratitude, he acknowledges his obligations to his father for the care and expence he had bestowed upon his education. After this, he served in the army, where he rose to the rank of military Tribune (a post, it should seem from the above-mentioned Satire, seldom bestowed upon the sons of enfranchised slaves.) In this situation he distinguished himself as a man of taste and lively talents, became accustomed to polite society, and formed an acquaintance with the world. After this, through the interest of Mæcenas, he was introduced to the ac-

quaintance of the Emperor, by whom he was not only pardoned for having joined the republican party, but was even admitted to his favor and familiarity. From this time he lived caressed by the great, and indebted to their patronage for a comfortable and (comparatively speaking) splendid subsistence. Thus did every circumstance of his life tend to make him so far a courtier as to be rather cautious of offending the supreme powers; while, on the other hand, his own good sense, unambitious temper, and liberal spirit, preserved him from becoming their slave. We must not consider Horace as a corrupt time-server, merely because he acquiesced in the imperial constitution established by Augustus. It is true that under this crafty prince the stern spirit of the old republic was fled. Patriotic magnanimity had fallen with Cato, and made way for what Tacitus calls the *blandishing vices.* Yet it must be remembered that the government, however unsound within, wore a smiling exterior. Salutary laws were enacted; the provinces were established and tranquillized; arts and sciences were fostered, and every inducement was thrown out to invite the efforts of wit and genius. The state, wearied with civil wars and turbulent proscriptions, gladly reposed though beneath a sceptre; and the people scarcely felt those fetters which were decorated with wreaths of olive and of ivy. In such circumstances even stouter patriots than Horace might be excused for temporizing.

Such were the circumstances in which Horace entered upon the composition of satire, with a taste refined by the study of the Grecian poets, and a pen practised in that species of poetical composition which above all

others demands a delicate nicety of expression. His Satires are accordingly what we should expect—replete with sprightly urbanity and goodhumoured wit—seasoned with all possible elegance and terseness of diction—void of affectation and pedantic stiffness—without any very disgusting servilities, yet without any spice of morose and gloomy acrimony—calculated rather to raise a laugh at the lighter foibles of the world, than a sneer at its vanities or a frown at its crimes.—One characteristic trait in Horace is the address and dexterity with which he flings his oblique strokes of raillery. He never seems to find fault for the sole sake of finding fault. His slyest blows are conveyed in a parenthesis. In short, he has the air of one that ridicules the world *by the way*, and hits the very mark intended, without appearing so much as to take aim at it. Horace has by some been blamed for the loose prosaic texture of many of his verses, which has been imputed to slovenly negligence. Had all his verses been of this description, or had they been such in any one Satire throughout, we must have allowed him to be, as he describes Lucilius,

——————— facetus,
Emunctæ naris, *durus componere versus.*

But these seemingly negligent verses will be rarely found to extend to any considerable number at a time. They are most applied where there is the least elevation in the thought; that is, where any other structure of verse would be out of place: For nothing can be more monstrous than plain common-sense drest up in Epic dignity of numbers. They are besides almost always preceded or followed by one or more lines of harmonious cadence or compact strength. Thus does this flagging

kind of versification, seasonably introduced, not only give to Horace's Hexameters an air of unstudied ease and graceful negligence, but serves also to diversify his rhythm in such a manner that the ear is never tired with a monotonous sameness of sound.* It is art concealing art, and in adopting it he follows his own admirable rule by acting occasionally the part of one 'parcentis viribus atque Extenuantis eas *consulto*.' It constitutes the light and shade of his poetry, and is the rudder by which he contrives

——————————— to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

I might add that in passages where the ludicrous predominates, it is inconceivable how much of the effect depends upon the looseness of the metre. Persius does not so often indulge in it as Horace, for this plain reason, that his style of writing is not so familiar and colloquial as that of his predecessor. Casaubon however has noticed one instance of it in his first Satire:

Nil moror: Euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res! Whoever would have this line more smooth (or, to use Dryden's strong language, less *scabrous and hobbling*) than it is, may have an ear perhaps; but I will venture to pronounce that he has no perception of humour. The same remark might be applied to many verses of Horace. In the measure appropriate to English Satire this heightening of the ludicrous by the careless structure of the metre is not so feasible, especially since the public ear is become so fastidiously nice in respect of rhyme.*

* Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Pope's Prol. to his Satires.
The latter of these two lines might easily have been altered into

Persius, though apparently a warm admirer of Horace, was widely different from him in temper and character. He was born to a considerable rank and fortune, and was allied to persons of the first quality. At twelve years of age he was sent to Rome, and was handed over from one Grammarian or Rhetorician to another, until he fell under the tuition of Cornutus an eminent teacher of the Stoic philosophy. This accidental circumstance seems to have fixed his biass. He saw nothing, heard of nothing, but tyranny, corruption, and excess. He wrote under Nero; and before this a Tiberius, a Caligula, and a Claudius had 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'—Indeed they had done what was much worse;

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one of superior strength and harmony, by throwing in a few retarding consonants. But the expression of contempt would no longer have been felt in the sound.

Booth enters:—hark! the universal peal!
But has he spoken?—Not a syllable.

Imit. of Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1.

The latter of these also is not sonorous, and the rhyme is bad. But read the inimitable passage in which they occur, *Loud as the wolves, &c.* and you would not wish either the rhyme or the rhythm altered.—Yet after all, it is the congruity of the metre with the matter, on which a defence of Horace must principally, and indeed may safely, rest. Dr. Armstrong has the following just remark which I find in Dr. Warton's notes on Pope: "Had Horace written his satires or Epistles in the same kind of numbers with Virgil's Æneid, it would have been a monstrous impropriety; like hunting the fox or the hare on a war-horse, with the equipage of a General at a review or in the day of battle. He knew very well, that in familiar writings dignity of versification would be quite ridiculous."—

for their example had exerted a most pernicious influence upon the general character of the people, and had tended to debase and enervate their minds by inspiring an emulation in dissolute extravagance. All perception of simple elegance was lost in an admiration of sickly sentiment and glittering conceits. Genius and science not only met with little or no encouragement, but (what is worse) were degraded into the handmaids of brutal sensuality. This excessive degeneracy of his times had evidently a powerful effect, when considered as co-operating with the acquaintance of Cornutus, in determining the character of Persius. Enormous vices admit of no half-service. We must either partake in them, or abhor them. Persius chose the latter side of the alternative; yet even in expressing his abhorrence of vice he does not lay aside the Stoic. He does not rail and scold at the world with clamorous violence; but treats it with disdainful jeers and taunting sarcasms. Persius has been called a *grave* satirist; but nothing can be less true. He abounds in jokes; but his jokes are all of the Cynic cast, bitter and biting. The old scholiast tells us that it was the perusal of one of Lucilius's satires which first made Persius a satirist, and it is probable that if we had more of the compositions of Lucilius remaining we should find that Persius had imitated him much more freely than he has Horace. Certain it is that the scoffing vein which runs through Persius's satires has a nearer resemblance than Horace's sportive levity to the authors of the Old Comedy, and it is not without good reason that he claims for his readers the admirers of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes.

Persius was not only a Stoic, but a young Stoic,

when he wrote his satires. His juvenile ardour received its direction from the early attachments which he formed with some shining disciples of the same school, and which soon wound up his soul to the highest pitch of that proud, but virtuous sect. This stern spirit breathes in every line which he has left us. Indeed to judge of him by his writings, one is led to conceive him as versed rather in books than in men, instructed better in abstract speculation than in practical experience, and more of the philosopher than the man of the world. He certainly does not display that delicate perception of the mechanism of the human heart which his predecessor possessed. His notions are almost all fetched from the Porch, and every evil is imputed to an ignorance of the grand subject then of moral enquiry—*Quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.* This affection for 'the budge doctors of the Stoic Fur' is every where conspicuous in Persius. It tinges all his thoughts, and (it must be confessed) gives him occasionally a hardness and asperity of manner not very alluring. Yet his rigid tenets did not deteriorate his heart. The author of his life tell us that his tender attention to his relatives was exemplary, and for a proof of his amiable disposition one scarcely needs but to refer to his fifth satire. The language in which he there addresses his old tutor and friend Cornutus bears internal marks of such a sincere and overflowing tenderness as few friends can feel and fewer tutors inspire.

In Horace's time men did not so readily attach themselves to any one sect of philosophy. He himself makes no scruple of ridiculing the absurder parts of the Stoic as well as the Epicurean system, and adopts the

language now of one and now of the other as the whim of the moment prompted, or as the varying aspects of his subject made this or that the more convenient tenet. But as oppression on one hand, and servility on the other, gained ground, the wise and good resorted mostly to the rigid principles of Zeno; not only as the most opposite to the relaxed tone of the times; but as, by inspiring a stern self-confidence and independence of external things, they imparted to the soul a high and heroic magnanimity, which rose above vulgar weaknesses, and became at once a comfort and support under every sort of persecution. This then is an important point to be considered in comparing the two satirists; and, in the opinion of some critics, it has affected not only their turns of thinking, but their styles of writing. The embellishments of diction, say they, were but empty frippery in the Stoic's eyes, and hence he slovenly ruggedness of Persius. But there is not much ground for this idea. Persius's occasional roughness of diction (for as to his versification, it is in general very smooth) seems to proceed rather from an attempt at excessive strength. The author of his life assures us that he was a slow composer, and I thing with Mr. Drummond that his composition bears evident tokens of labour: But this labour is directed rather to point and condense than to polish; it is rather the operation of the anvil than of the file. At the same time there is in some parts of this author a quaintness of conceit, a search after strained images, far-fetched allusions, and uncouth combinations of words, which savours strongly of the rhetorical schools, and argues him to have been lately numbered among the *nugari solitos Græce.*

There is still another circumstance which serves to

throw light on a comparison of these two writers. Horace's satires were probably sent forth, soon after they were composed, into the hands of the public,* at least of the politer part of it, and were consequently read and canvassed during the author's own life. Persius's on the contrary, if we are to believe his biographer (and the nature of his times makes the story probable), were recited or transcribed only in confidence for a small circle of friends, and were not published till after his death. While Horace, therefore, had to consult the taste of the public, Persius sought only to gratify that of a few congenial minds. While Horace was obliged to be upon his guard lest he offended his patrons, Persius could range at perfect liberty and indulge his spleen on whatever subject he chose. His friends Cornutus, Bassus, Macrinus, Thrasea, &c., probably coincided with him in their opinions on the subjects of taste, politics, and philosophy. To them alone, and for them, he wrote. *Secreti loquimur*, says he to Cornutus; and his book was, as he terms it, a sort of *well*, to which, like Midas's barber, he could safely whisper all that he thought, heard, or felt.

Persius has been often accused of obscurity; and Bayle in his dictionary goes so far as to call him the Roman Lycophron. Some impute this to the tyranny of his times, in which it was dangerous to speak out. But

* What the poet says, B. 1. S. IV. 23, and again 71—73, must be taken not quite literally, but *cum grano salis*. For if his satire were really known only to small audiences and those of select friends, whence, we may ask, arose the public odium of which he complains?

(not to mention, that, if his Satires were really not published during his life, he could have no fear of speaking out what was only to be heard in private parties of friends) this reasoning will appear absurd from the sole consideration that, in those times, not merely open reprehension was dangerous, but even to 'hint a fault or hesitate dislike' was enough to call down the vengeance of those in power. The times of Persius abounded with spies and informers, and the slightest intimation of disaffection was construed into the heinous crime of, what was called, *insulted majesty*. Pœtus Thrasea was condemned under Nero, among other frivolous charges, because he would not attend the funeral of Poppœa, and because, when the Emperor's letter announcing the death of Agrippina was read in the Senate, he arose and left the house. Arulenus Rusticus was condemned by Domitian for only having written the life of his friend Pœtus. Thus to the tyrant as well as to the sage, a word is sufficient. Whence then arose the obscurities complained of?

In the first place, I must observe that the fault has been much over-rated. Compare Persius with Juvenal, or even with the lucid Horace, and his obscurities will not be found to exceed theirs, to that extravagant degree which has been represented. The proper question with respect to the obscurity of an ancient author, so far at least as it attaches blame to him, is not how far he is obscure to *us*, but how far he was so to his *contemporaries*. Now, though testimonies are of little weight to determine the general merits of any writer, yet on this particular subject they may fairly be admitted. Quintilian, in recounting the poets whose works he recommends to the attention of

his pupils in their rhetorical course, mentions Persius as one, *who, though he wrote but little, obtained by that little, much true glory.* But, if Persius had appeared to him so very enigmatical a writer as he is now commonly thought, would not Quintilian have thrown in an exception to his praise? or rather, would Persius have ever earned this *multum et veræ gloriæ*, had he been so repulsively obscure? We learn also from Martial, that frequent mention was made of Persius, notwithstanding the smallness of his volume. The following is a free translation of the 29th Epigram of his 4th Book:

'Tis said my books begin to tire the Town,
And their own bulk and number sink them down.
Scarce things, my friend, are ever in request;
And that, which is the rarest, seems the best:
Thus early fruits the dainty tooth entice,
And winter roses fetch the highest price.
Thus too the Jilt, with scornful airs and proud,
Draws round her bolted gate a sighing crowd:
While the obsequious fair none seeks to win,
And, where the door stands open, few go in.
Thus Persius's one book we oftener quote
Than all the Epics flimsy Marsus wrote.
Whatever volume then, of mine, my friend,
You read, 'pray think it all I ever penn'd:
So shall new beauties rise in every line,
Each word a relic, and each thought divine.

The truth is, that nine parts out of ten of his difficulties arise, like those of his brethren, from allusions which time has rendered obsolete. It is much to be regretted that the ancients never adopted the modern practice of subjoining explanatory notes to their own text. The

first Satire of Persius abounds with difficulties; why but because it refers so often to the paltry sing-song of his day? Let not the author then be called to account for the faults of time. But such of his obscurities as do not arise from the nature of his subject (and it would be folly to deny that his Satires contain some of this description) may be referred principally to three causes—His love of brevity and forced compression: his fondness for quaint tropes and unusual phrases: and that ardent anticipation of his own meaning which makes him not infrequently confound and mix together the objection of an adversary with his own reply, so closely, that it often cannot be pointed out with precision, where one ends and the other begins. The objector is represented as sliding imperceptibly into self-ridicule till he exposes his own cause. With respect to Persius's obscurities, and indeed his general merits as a poet, there is a passage very much to the purpose in Addison's Dialogues on Medals, part of which Brewster cites in a note on Pers. Sat. VI. 27—31, and which I here transcribe with great satisfaction, as containing the opinion of a scholar of indisputable taste, and one who, not having either translated or edited Persius, can on no ground be suspected of a foolish partiality towards him.

"You have given us some quotations out of Persius this morning, says Eugenius, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this author. He fancies this description of a wreck (Sat. VI. 27.) is too good for Persius, and that he might be helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthio, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's

opinion in this particular, that I fancy Persius a better poet than Lucan; and that, had he been engaged in the same subject, he would, at least in his expressions and descriptions, have outwrit the Pharsalia. He was indeed employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like description; but where he has an occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the Latin poets that have given a greater beauty to their expressions. His obscurities are indeed sometimes affected; but they generally arise from the remoteness of the customs, persons, and things he alludes to: as Satire is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same age with it than any other kind of poetry. Love-verses and Heroics deal in images that are fixed and settled in the nature of things; but a thousand ideas enter into Satire that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind."

Addison on Medals, Dial. 2, ad fin.

Of Juvenal not much is known. He had practised at the bar, and this habit has given to his Satires a declamatory air, which (though Mr. Gifford says he cannot perceive it) is, I believe, to most readers very visible in the artificial and expanded plan in which he pursues his subject through all its aspects, as well as in the ardour of his invective. In his time the morals of the age were fundamentally corrupted. A brutal and sullen monarch had struck the finishing blow against learning and civility, by banishing the philosophers (among whom was Epictetus) from Rome. Juvenal probably did not write the best of his Satires, till past the middling time of life. Certainly he did not venture to publish them till the danger was blown over. His indignation knows no

bounds, but bursts forth into open rage and fury. He is the Archilochus of Roman Satire. Of the light Horatian banter, of which Persius has little, Juvenal has none; nor indeed did the grossness of those vices which he attacks, allow of levity. His versification has much more of Epic dignity and harmony than that of either of his predecessors. What he expresses an apprehension that others will say of him, is not far from the truth.

——— Altum Satira sumente cothurnum
Scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum,
Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu
Montibus ignotum Rutulis cœloque Latino.

In one of his Satires, the fourth, this swelling language produces a most happy burlesque effect. In all it suits the serious tone which he adopts; but in some few passages it sinks perhaps into a frigid sort of pomposity. Yet in general he is brilliant and spirited in the highest degree. Indeed, if one may find a fault in this admired Satirist, it is, that his bold and serious fervour is too unremittingly sustained. He relaxes his tone and humbles his style too seldom, and consequently the reader wants in him those graceful sinkings and resting-places which so often occur in Horace. Juvenal's warm and precipitate style is calculated to make him a favorite of the young. Horace's prattling urbanity, and consummate knowledge of mankind, will always gain him the admiration of the old. With respect to the comparative difficulty of translating these three Satirists, I consider Juvenal as by far the easiest: Persius comes next, at a considerable interval; and Horace is much more difficult to translate well than either of the former. Notwithstanding this difficulty an *approximation* may be

made to a good translation, at least to one better than any which has hitherto appeared; for both that of Francis and the Duncombes are very flat and insipid. An attempt of this kind upon the *Satires only* of Horace (for his *Epistles* are composed in a very different vein, and the humour which they contain is seldom of the satiric kind) is what I have for some time been bold enough to meditate: indeed I have executed nearly two thirds of the work; but whether it ever see the light, will depend upon the reception which the present performance shall meet with.

With respect to the following pages I wish to say as few words as possible. To apologize for undertaking a task which has been done by six or seven hands before me, would indeed have an air of modesty in it; but after all, would it not be nugatory? If I shall really be thought to surpass my precursors, an apology will be found in the work itself: if not, nothing that I can say will extenuate my audacity in supposing it possible that I should surpass them. I might also plead my residence in the country, far from any focus of literature or literary men, as an excuse for occasional blunders or oversights: I might add the avocations of my profession as tutor to a few domestic pupils, the anxieties attending a family, &c. But I would much rather throw myself at once upon the candour of my readers, and omit all such pleas for favour, as 'with merit needless, and without it vain.'

THE

LIFE OF PERSIUS.

ALL the information which can now be obtained concerning Persius, beside those few hints which his own works afford us, must be looked for in the short and meagre biographical sketch which is usually prefixed to his satires. It has been ascribed by some to the Grammarian Probus; Salmasius assigns it to Suetonius. But there are some contradictions and inconsistencies in it, which, added to the ill-digested order in which the facts are related, may induce a suspicion that it is rather a collection of gradually accumulated notices written by different hands at different periods, than the product of any single pen. However this may be, it assuredly is not of very recent manufacture, and therefore deserves some regard. I shall, then, instead of attempting to vamp up a new account of the Poet's life from the old materials, present the reader with a translation of this fragment, accompanied with a few remarks.

Aulus Persius Flaccus was born on the day before the Nones of December, under the Consuls Fabius Persicus and Lucius Vitellius *; and died on the eighth day before the Calends of December, under the Consuls Decius

* That is, on Dec. 4, in the year of Rome 787, and in that of our Lord 34.

Rubrius Marius and Asinius Gallus *. The place of his birth was Volaterræ †, a town in Etruria. He was of the Equestrian order, and connected by blood, as well as by matrimonial alliance, with persons of the first rank. He died on his own estate, eight miles distant from Rome, on the Appian road. By the death of his father Flaccus, he was left a minor about six years old ‡. His mother Fulvia Sisennia contracted a second marriage with Fusius, a Roman Knight, and was again left a widow within a few years.

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* That is, on Nov. 24, in the year of Rome 815, and in that of our Lord 62. According to this account therefore he died ten days before he had completed his 28th year.

† Now called Volterra, in Tuscany, situated upon a high hill, and famous for its medicinal waters. The Ligurians, it seems, have contested with the Tuscans the honour of having given birth to Persius. Bayle mentions two treatises published at Genoa about the middle of the 17th century, which place the birth of Persius at Tegulia, situated in Liguria, at a small distance from the Portus Lunæ, or Gulph of Spezzia, mentioned by the Poet as his winter-residence in the sixth Satire. The conjecture seems, however, to rest on no solid grounds.

‡ Mr. Drummond justly observes, that this assertion is inconsistent with the account which the Poet gives of himself in the third Satire, where he tells us that his father used to come with his friends to hear the young declaimer spout what was supposed to be the dying speech of Cato, with the greatest marks of anxiety that his son should acquit himself well. If it be worth the while to indulge a conjecture on such a trifle, I should say that we ought to read XI here for VI. The numbers are easily confounded, and the age of eleven here mentioned (especially qualified as it is by the word *fere*, *about*) tallies very well with the Satirist's account of him-

Persius received his education at Volaterræ until the twelfth year of his age, after which he pursued his studies at Rome, under the grammarian Rhemnius Palæmon * and the rhetorician Verginius Flaccus. †. At the age of

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self. He says he was *parvus*, a little boy, when his father used to hear him declaim. He mentions also the master's frantic exclamations of applause at his young pupil's performance, which seems more likely to have proceeded from some provincial Tutor than from a Rhetorician at Rome. If so, it must have been before he was twelve years old; for after that, the Life informs us, he was transferred to Rome.

It is highly amusing to hear Burton, in his account of Persius's life, gravely affirm; "After his father's death, he remained at Volaterræ, and gave an extraordinary proof of his natural abilities, by applying himself *closely to all kinds of learning till he was twelve years of age.*" Yet this early prodigy of application assures us that he was, when young, like most boys of his age, fonder of whipping tops than of learning his task. See Sat. III. 48—51. Mr. Drummond, I think, misrepresents that passage, when he says that Persius there talks of himself as in the habit of *playing at hazard, and of making calculations of chances.* Persius says, he was very desirous to learn how much the highest throw would put in his pocket, and and what he should lose by the lowest. The game itself seems to have been something like our *Te-totum.*

* Of this Rhemnius Fannius Palæmon, see some mention in Suetonius de claris Oratoribus.

† Perhaps (says Casaubon) the father or uncle of that Verginius Rufus who is spoken of as a teacher of Rhetoric by Tacitus, Ann. XV. 71, and by Pliny the Younger, L. II. Ep. 1. where see Melmoth's note; and whom also Quintilian reports to have written a treatise on the art of Speaking, III. 1. Koenig seems to think that that very person is here meant, and he probably is right. See Lipsius's emendation in a note on the above passage of Tacitus.

sixteen, he commenced an acquaintance with Annæus Cornutus *, to whom he formed such an attachment that he scarcely ever quitted his company; and under his guidance he made some progress in philosophy. From his earliest youth he maintained an intimacy with Cæsius Bassus † and Calpurnius Statura, the latter of whom died a young man during the life of Persius. He cultivated the friendship of Servilius Novianus ‡ with the affection of a son. By means of Cornutus he was introduced to the acquaintance of Lucan the poet, who was an attendant on his lectures at the same time with Persius. This Cornutus was a tragic poet at that time, as well as a philosopher of the Stoic sect, and left behind him some moral treatises. Lucan was a passionate admirer of the writings of our poet, insomuch that once, when Persius was reciting some of his compositions, he could with difficulty

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* An eminent teacher of the Stoic philosophy. He was afterwards banished by Nero for having given his opinion rather too freely on some of the Emperor's compositions. The words of the original are, 'Cœpit amicitia uti:' This Mr. Drummond thinks inconsistent with Sat. V. 30—36, where the Poet says that he put himself under the tuition of Cornutus, as soon as he had assumed the Toga virilis. He might very well have *commenced* an acquaintance with the Philosopher a year before. But there is no need even of this supposition; for the age at which the Prætexta was laid aside, in the time of Persius, was at the entrance on the sixteenth year, as is generally supposed.

† An eminent Lyric Poet, ranked next to Horace by Quintilian, x. 1. To him Persius has addressed his sixth Satire.

‡ I have followed Casaubon in reading Novianus instead of Numianus. This Servilius Novianus is mentioned by Quinctilian X. 1. and by both the Plinys.

refrain from crying out, that this was *true poetry indeed!* Toward the latter part of his life, he became acquainted with Seneca, whose genius however was not adapted to please him much*. At the house of Cornutus he enjoyed the familiar intercourse of two men of great learning and worth, both at that time earnestly engaged in the study of philosophy; Claudius Agaternus, a Lacedæmonian physician, and Petronius Aristocrates, a native of Magnesia. These were objects of his particular esteem, as well as emulation, being about the same age with himself, and younger than Cornutus. He was also, for the last ten years of his life, or thereabouts, in high esteem with Pœtus Thrasea †, who had married Arria, a relation of his. Their intimacy was such, that they often travelled together.

He was a man of remarkably mild manners, and of excessive modesty. His person was handsome. His affectionate behaviour to his mother, sisters, and paternal aunt, was even exemplary. He was chaste and frugal in his manner of living. At his death he bequeathed to his

* Sero cognovi Senecam, sed non ut caperetur ejus ingenio. Dr. Sheridan translates this: "It was late ere he fell into the acquaintance of Seneca, but not late ere he fell into an admiration of his wit:" which is diametrically opposite to the sense.

† See an account of this virtuous and independent patriot in Tacitus's Annals, particularly that of his death, at the end of the sixteenth Book, where it appears that the Arria here mentioned was with difficulty witholden from following the example of her celebrated mother. It was for writing a panegyric on this Pœtus, that Arulenus was put to death by Domitian.

mother and sisters about 2000 sestertia. In a codicil, however, he requested the former to give to Cornutus 190 sestertia, or (as others report) twenty-pound weight of silver-plate, together with his whole library, consisting of about seven hundred books. The philosopher accepted the books, but gave up the money to the sisters * of Persius whom he had left his heirs.

He composed seldom and slowly. This very book he left behind him unfinished; for a few verses have been taken away at the end of the work, that it might appear complete so far as it goes †. Cornutus made some slight corrections, and, upon being requested by Cæsius Bassus to publish it, he consigned it, for that purpose, to Bassus himself. Persius had written in his youth a poem entitled the Prætexta, another entitled Ὀδοιπορικα, and a copy of verses on the mother-in-law ‡ of Thrasea,

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* *Sororibus*; and yet a little above, it is said, *sororem* and *sorori*. I have translated it *sisters*, in all these places. It is rather surprising that Casaubon has taken no notice of this inconsistency.

† I read with Reizius, *ut* quasi finitus esset.

‡ Casaubon has corrected *sororem*, which is the common reading, into *socrum*, which is absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage. The subject of Persius's verses was the famous Arria, the wife of Pœtus Cæcina, who, joining the party of Scribonianus against Claudius, was apprehended, and brought to Rome to suffer punishment. But his wife, determined 'to act a Roman's part,' stabbed herself in his presence, and, pulling out the sword from her bosom, presented it to her husband with these spirited words: Pœte, non dolet. The story is told by Pliny, B. III. Ep. 16, with some other anecdotes of this extraordinary woman. See also Martial, B. I. Epig. 14, and Murphy on the Life of Agricola, Sect. II. Note (z).

the mother of Arria, who had stabbed herself in the presence of her husband. But Cornutus advised the poet's mother to suppress them all. His book of Satires was no sooner made public, than it began to be much admired, and eagerly * sought after. He died of a distemper in the stomach, in the twenty-eighth † year of his age.

Soon after he had left school and public tuition, happening to peruse the 10th Book of Lucilius, he was stimulated to the composition of Satires, and entered on the task with great ardor, chusing the commencement of that very book as his model for imitation. Beginning with himself first ‡, he next proceeded to cry down all others, with such vehemence of invective against the poets and orators of his time, that he spared not even Nero. For a verse of his, which at first stood thus;

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* Diripere is a very strong and expressive term. See Martial vii. 75.

† The original is, anno ætatis XXX. But this is clearly an error, arising perhaps from taking into the account the year in which he was born, as well as that in which he died. In the Life of Horace usually prefixed to his Works is a similar error, and apparently derived from the same cause. This Life of Horace is ascribed to *Suetonius* by the old Commentator Porphyrio, and I have been sometimes inclined to look upon this coincidence in error as a slight argument that the Life of Persius, if it be the work of any single hand, is to be assigned to the same Biographer. It certainly is composed just in his dry gazette-like style.

‡ Alluding to the Prologue in which he disclaims all poetical inspiration.

"Auriculas asini Mida rex habet *, King Midas has a pair of ass's ears," Cornutus, apprehensive lest the Emperor should perceive it to be pointed against himself, softened into "Auriculas asini quis non habet, Who has not now a pair of ass's ears?"

* Casaubon, upon the authority of this anecdote, reinstates the words supposed to have been rejected, and Koenig follows him. For my own part, I think the anonymous biographer very insufficient authority for altering any passage of Persius. Koenig thinks the story was made up to account for a variety of the text, and it seems very likely to be so. But I still think *quis non habet* the original reading. The evident allusion of Persius to the words which Ovid puts into the gossip Barber's mouth, probably induced some one to interline his copy of Persius with those words, and thus by degrees they were foisted into the text. But *quis non habet* could never arise from a gloss on the words *Mida rex habet*. The old Scholiast says that the four verses in Sat. 1, beginning *Torva Mimalloneis* are Nero's. But Cornutus would surely not have thought it worth his pains to turn off an oblique stroke at the Emperor, contained in the story of Midas's Barber, and at the same time have left Persius to fling Nero's own verses in his face. Both accounts are improbable in themselves, and inconsistent with each other.

THE

SATIRES

OF

A. PERSIUS FLACCUS.

PROLOGUE.

I NE'ER remember to have quaff'd
The hoof-struck well's inspiring draught,
Where happier poets take their fill:
No dream upon the forked Hill
Has ever yet my slumbers blest,
That I might rise—a Bard profest.
Pirené's springs, with all the Nine,
I to the favor'd Few resign,
Whose busts, by learned critics crown'd,
The clasping ivy twines around.
My rustic rhimes I bring myself
To deck the Poet's sacred shelf.

PROLOGUS.

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniâsse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic Poëta prodirem.
Heliconidasque pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces: Ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.

Who bade the chattering Parrot cry
Good-morrow to each passer-by?
What wondrous influence could teach
The Pie to mimic human speech?
This magic power that gives at once
Words to the dumb, wit to the dunce—
This mighty master shall I tell ye?
What is it but—an empty belly?
Place but the pelf before their eyes,
Our parrot-bards and rhyming pies,
Lured by the dazzling hope of gain,
Shall pour so ravishing a strain,
You'ld swear you heard Apollo sing
With all the Muses in a ring!

Quis expedivit Psittaco suum Χαῖρε,
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis ingeníque largitor,
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos poëtas et poëtridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaseïum nectar!

SATIRE I.

How vain is Man! his every thought how vain!
" Tush, who will read this moralizing strain?"
Speak'st thou to *me*, and dost thou ask me, who?
'Troth, none—or (next to none) but one or two.
" Why, this is vile and pitiful indeed!
" Think what disgrace—to write what none will read!"
Say rather, *honour*,—their contempt to raise
Whose praise is scandal, and whose scandal praise.
What if *Polydamas* should rate me low,
And *Trojan dames* prefer a Labeo? 10
Is this disgraceful? No—let bustling Rome
Poise the false beam; but look thou still *at home:*
There scan thy merit, howsoe'er she rail;
There trim the balance and adjust the scale:
Heed not her sickly taste and judgment blind,
Nor seek but in thyself, thyself to find.
For who at Rome is not—Ah! might I say—
And sure, when grey-beards are the theme, I may:

SATIRA I.

O CURAS hominum! o quantum est in rebus inane!
¶ Quis leget hæc? ¶ Min' tu istud ais? nemo, hercule, nemo;
Vel duo vel nemo. ¶ Turpe et miserabile! ¶ Quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas et Troïades Labeonem
Prætulerint?—Nugæ! non, si quid turbida Roma 5
Elevet, accedas, examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina; nec te quæsiveris extra.
Nam Romæ quis non—Ah! si fas dicere;—sed fas
Tunc cum ad canitiem et nostrum istud vivere triste

When grave-air'd Folly stares me in the face,
And nuts thrown by to lighter toys give place,
When with tutorial sternness we endeavour
To play the fool,—then, then indulge me. "Never."
I cannot help it; Humour, take thy fill!
My spleen o'erflows, and laugh I must and will.
  Immured within their closets, all compose
(This in poetic numbers, that in prose)
Something so vastly grand that, when they spout,
Their well-breath'd lungs can hardly heave it out.
At length this fulsome fustian you recite,
With spruce-comb'd hair and gown of glossy-white!
Throned in the lofty desk you take your stand,
A birth-day onyx glittering on your hand:
With liquid gargles first (that every note
May softly flow) you rince the pliant throat;
Then pausing oft, upon the standers by
Fling round the luscious leer and languid eye.
There many a high-born Titus may be view'd,
Whose faultering tongue, short breath, and gestures lewd,

Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis:
Cum sapimus patruos, tunc, tunc ignoscite. ¶ Nolo,
¶ Quid faciam?—sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
  Scribimus inclusi (numeros ille, hic pede liber)
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti
Et natalitia tandem cum Sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.
Hic neque more probo videas neque voce serena
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum

Speak how your tickling rhymes, like amorous spells,
Wake slumbering Lust within her secret cells.
And is it *you*, grey wretch, opprest with years,
Who pimp and pander thus for others' ears?
What is your aim? what, I would gladly learn,
But that their praise may soothe your ears in turn?
Till surfeited you cry, with bashful air,
" Oh, spare my blushes! oh, in mercy spare!"
" But what," you say, " is learning while it lurks
" Unseen, or what is leaven 'till it works?
" Wit's a wild fig-tree that takes root in vain,
" Unless it rive the cerements of the brain:
" This furrow'd brow, this sallow cheek behold!—"
Heavens, what a world is this! must all be told
That you're a genius, truly, and a poet?
Is knowledge nothing-worth, 'till others know it?
" But oh! how sweet the pointing hand to see,
" And hear the passing whisper—*That is he!*
" Then, is it nothing to be made," you ask,
" The frizzle-pated Lordling's daily task?

Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas?—
Auriculis, quibus et dicas, cute perditus, *Ohe!*
¶ Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?
En pallor seniumque! ¶ O mores! usque adeone
Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
¶ At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, *Hic est!*
Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse

"See, on soft couches Rome's great sons reclined,
"When to the feast the rich repast of mind
"Succeeds, and Bacchus crowns the sparkling bowl,
"Call for the songs divine that lift the soul."
Then starts up one, around whose shoulders thrown
Trails on the floor an Hyacinthine gown,
And pours, with whining tone and snuffling nose,
Hypsipyle's or Phyllis' love-lorn woes,
Or some such tale by whimpering poets sung,
And trips each word upon the lisping tongue.
The guests lift up their hands with wild amaze,
And pay the customary debt of praise:—
Shall not the ashes of that poet rest?
Shall not the turf lie lighter on his breast?
The herd of flatterers catch the pleasing sound,
And hark! the thunder of applause goes round:—
From his blest urn and o'er his hallow'd tomb
Say, shall not violets spring and roses bloom?
"Nay, but you trespass now on common sense,
"And merry-make, methinks, at truth's expense,"

Pro nihilo pendas? Ecce, inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poëmata narrent.
¶ Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.
Assensere viri:—Nunc non cinis ille poëtæ
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ:—Nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violæ? ¶ Rides (ait) et ninnis uncis

The modern poet's advocate replies:
"For is there that man breathing, who denies
"His love of fame? is there who can refuse
"The proffer'd praises that await his muse?—
"Who scorns to rescue from the book-worm's rage
"Strains that might live to charm a distant age,
"And, deaf to glory's voice, can leave his books
"A prey to fishmongers and pastry-cooks?"
Know, brother disputant! (whoe'er thou art
Whom I have made to bear the' opponent's part)
If aught by chance of happier vein appear—
In me a chance indeed!—but yet, if e'er
Some brighter thought be by the muse inspired,
I am not one that scorns to be admired:
To well-earn'd praise I am not callous grown,
Nor is my heart philosophiz'd to stone.
But that your *bravo* and *bravissimo*
Should be the end and aim of all we do,—
That flimsy compliment should form the test
And touch-stone of all merit—'tis a jest!

Naribus indulges. An erit qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse, et, cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec thus?
¶ Quisquis es, o modo quem ex adverso dicere feci!
Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit—
Quando hæc rara avis est—si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam: neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.
Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
Euge tuum et *Belle*: nam *Belle* hoc excute totum;
Quid non intus habet? non hic est Ilias Atti

For view these compliments with reason's eye,
And mark how weak they err—how bold they lie!
Say, are not these your critics that adore
Iliads inspir'd by juice of Hellebore?
Should some crude Lordling dictate some poor sonnet,
Say, are not these the praises pour'd upon it?
And these the fulsome flatteries that attend
Whatever on a *Citron* couch is penn'd?
On tatter'd backs you fling your thread-bare cloaks;
For hungry parasites your pudding smokes:
Then, "Tell me truth," you say, "for truth is dear
"To me, my friends."—Fool, to expect it here!
You'ld hear the *truth*: Well then, to tell you true,
The world despises both your books and you:
Would you, with that bald pate of yours, aspire
To build the lofty rhyme and sweep the lyre?—
First draw that goodly 'tun of belly' in,
That swags full half an ell beyond your chin.
Blest Janus! thee, with double sight endued,
Such treach'rous mockeries never could elude:

Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
Dictârunt proceres? non quicquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis?—Calidum scis ponere sumen;
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et *verum*, inquis, *amo; verum mihi dicite de me.*
Quî pote? vis dicam? nugaris, cum tibi, calve!
Pinguis aqualiculus propenso sesquipede extet.
O Jane! a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,

Behind thy back no *stork's-bill* ever peck'd,
No quivering finger aped the ear erect,
Nor scoffer, while the secret taunt he flung,
Low as Apulian hound loll'd out the tongue.
But you, ye Great, who boast within your veins
Patrician blood, since cruel fate ordains
That ye must ever live with postern blind,
Beware the bitter gibe that bites behind!
"What says the Town?"—What should it say, but vow
That numbers never sweetly flow'd till now?
So smooth the verse, so true to nature's law,
The critic's gliding nail can find no flaw;
No joiner's work more exquisitely fine,
That strikes with one eye closed the unerring line!
He, whether public luxury he chastise,
Or 'catch the manners living as they rise,'
Or whether in a loftier vein he sings
Of bloody banquets and the pride of kings,
Still says the sweetest, the sublimest things!
Behold, the stripling bard, whose feeble pen
Can scarce do justice to a grove or glen,

Nec linguæ quantum sitiat canis Appula tantum.
Vos, o patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
Occipiti cœco, posticæ occurrite sannæ!
Quis populi sermo est?—quis enim nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lêve severos
Effundat junctura ungues? scit tendere versum
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno:
Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poëtæ!
Ecce, modo heroas sensus afferre videmus

Just taught to wield declamatory Greek,
Assays of heroes and of kings to speak;
Steps forth with bold effrontery, and presumes
To imp his Epic and Pindaric plumes.
Yet this advent'rer shall attempt in vain
To paint the pleasures of the rustic swain;—
The crackling faggot's blaze, the lowing kine,
The wicker panniers, and the grunting swine,
With Pales' smoky rites, when free from law
The peasants frisk it o'er the kindling straw;
Whence Remus rose, and Quinctius! thou, whose hand
Drove the bright coulter through the furrow'd land,
What time the ploughman's frock aside was thrown,
And by thy trembling spouse the gorgeous gown
Was placed on thee, Rome's high Dictator now,
And thine own Lictors carried home thy plough.
Go on, sweet songster of the fields, and tell
How warriors conquer'd and how chieftains fell!
There are who love old Accius' sinewy lays,—
Who harsh Pacuvius' rugged diction praise,—
And o'er his coarse Antiope can doze,
Whose doleful heart was sore beset with woes.

Nugari solitos Græce, nec ponere lucum
Artifices, neque rus saturum laudare, *ubi corbes,*
Et focus, et porci, et fumosa Palilia fœno:
Unde Remus, sulcoque terens dentalia, Quincti!
Quem trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor,
Et tua aratra domum Lictor tulit.—Euge, poëta!
Est nunc Briseïs quem venosus liber Accî,
Sunt quos Pacuviusque et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, *ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.*

Such are the strains which every purblind sire
Admires, and bids his blockhead brats admire!
And can we wonde, while such critics teach,
At that strange medley which infects our speech,—
Or that vile rant, at which the coxcomb Knight
Springs from his bench half-frantic with delight?
  Is the grey culprit to his trial led,
The sword of justice trembling o'er his head?—
His care is not to gain, but grace the cause,—
Not his acquittal, but the court's applause.
Pedius, thou art a Thief—the' accuser cries;
Now hearken, pray, what Pedius replies:
Opposing this to that—and that to this,
He balances some neat antithesis;
With flowers of fancy garnishes the strife,
And rounds his periods to redeem his life:
His hearers view him with admiring eye;
How fine is this! how charming that! they cry:
And are ye not ashamed, degenerate spawn
Of Romulus! to wriggle thus and fawn?

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas,—unde istud dedecus, in quo
Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia lêvis?
  Nilne pudet capiti non posse pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire *Decenter?*
Fur es, ait Pedio: Pedius quid? crimina rasis
Librat in antithetis, doctus posuisse figuras.
Laudatur, *bellum hoc! hæc bellum!* An, Romule, ceves?

Who bade the chattering Parrot cry
Good-morrow to each passer-by?
What wondrous influence could teach
The Pie to mimic human speech?
This magic power that gives at once
Words to the dumb, wit to the dunce—
This mighty master shall I tell ye?
What is it but—an empty belly?
Place but the pelf before their eyes,
Our parrot-bards and rhyming pies,
Lured by the dazzling hope of gain,
Shall pour so ravishing a strain,
You'ld swear you heard Apollo sing
With all the Muses in a ring!

Quis expedivit Psittaco suum Χαῖρε,
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis ingenîque largitor,
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos poëtas et poëtridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaseïum nectar!

SATIRE I.

How vain is Man! his every thought how vain!
" Tush, who will read this moralizing strain?"
Speak'st thou to *me*, and dost thou ask me, who?
'Troth, none—or (next to none) but one or two.
" Why, this is vile and pitiful indeed!
" Think what disgrace—to write what none will read!"
Say rather, *honour*,—their contempt to raise
Whose praise is scandal, and whose scandal praise.
What if *Polydamas* should rate me low,
And *Trojan dames* prefer a Labeo? 10
Is this disgraceful? No—let bustling Rome
Poise the false beam; but look thou still *at home:*
There scan thy merit, howsoe'er she rail;
There trim the balance and adjust the scale:
Heed not her sickly taste and judgment blind,
Nor seek but in thyself, thyself to find.
For who at Rome is not—Ah! might I say—
And sure, when grey-beards are the theme, I may:

SATIRA I.

O CURAS hominum! o quantum est in rebus inane!
¶ Quis leget hæc? ¶ Min' tu istud ais? nemo, hercule, nemo;
Vel duo vel nemo. ¶ Turpe et miserabile! ¶ Quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas et Troïades Labeonem
Prætulerint?—Nugæ! non, si quid turbida Roma 5
Elevet, accedas, examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina; nec te quæsiveris extra.
Nam Romæ quis non—Ah! si fas dicere;—sed fas
Tunc cum ad canitiem et nostrum istud vivere triste

When grave-air'd Folly stares me in the face,
And nuts thrown by to lighter toys give place,
When with tutorial sternness we endeavour
To play the fool,—then, then indulge me. "Never."
I cannot help it; Humour, take thy fill!
My spleen o'erflows, and laugh I must and will.
Immured within their closets, all compose
(This in poetic numbers, that in prose)
Something so vastly grand that, when they spout,
Their well-breath'd lungs can hardly heave it out.
At length this fulsome fustian you recite,
With spruce-comb'd hair and gown of glossy-white!
Throned in the lofty desk you take your stand,
A birth-day onyx glittering on your hand:
With liquid gargles first (that every note
May softly flow) you rince the pliant throat;
Then pausing oft, upon the standers by
Fling round the luscious leer and languid eye.
There many a high-born Titus may be view'd,
Whose faultering tongue, short breath, and gestures lewd,

Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis:
Cum sapimus patruos, tunc, tunc ignoscite. ¶ Nolo,
¶ Quid faciam?—sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi (numeros ille, hic pede liber)
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti
Et natalitia tandem cum Sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.
Hic neque more probo videas neque voce serena
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum

Speak how your tickling rhymes, like amorous spells,
Wake slumbering Lust within her secret cells.
And is it *you*, grey wretch, opprest with years,
Who pimp and pander thus for others' ears?
What is your aim? what, I would gladly learn,
But that their praise may soothe your ears in turn?
Till surfeited you cry, with bashful air,
"Oh, spare my blushes! oh, in mercy spare!"
"But what," you say, "is learning while it lurks
"Unseen, or what is leaven 'till it works?
"Wit's a wild fig-tree that takes root in vain,
"Unless it rive the cerements of the brain:
"This furrow'd brow, this sallow cheek behold!—"
Heavens, what a world is this! must all be told
That you're a genius, truly, and a poet?
Is knowledge nothing-worth, 'till others know it?
"But oh! how sweet the pointing hand to see,
"And hear the passing whisper—*That is he!*
"Then, is it nothing to be made," you ask,
"The frizzle-pated Lordling's daily task?

Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas?—
Auriculis, quibus et dicas, cute perditus, *Ohe!*
¶ Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?
En pallor seniumque! ¶ O mores! usque adeone
Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
¶ At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, *Hic est!*
Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse

"See, on soft couches Rome's great sons reclined,
"When to the feast the rich repast of mind
"Succeeds, and Bacchus crowns the sparkling bowl,
"Call for the songs divine that lift the soul."
Then starts up one, around whose shoulders thrown
Trails on the floor an Hyacinthine gown,
And pours, with whining tone and snuffling nose,
Hypsipyle's or Phyllis' love-lorn woes,
Or some such tale by whimpering poets sung,
And trips each word upon the lisping tongue.
The guests lift up their hands with wild amaze,
And pay the customary debt of praise:—
Shall not the ashes of that poet rest?
Shall not the turf lie lighter on his breast?
The herd of flatterers catch the pleasing sound,
And hark! the thunder of applause goes round:—
From his blest urn and o'er his hallow'd tomb
Say, shall not violets spring and roses bloom?
"Nay, but you trespass now on common sense,
"And merry-make, methinks, at truth's expense,"

Pro nihilo pendas? Ecce, inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poëmata narrent.
¶ Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.
Assensere viri:—Nunc non cinis ille poëtæ
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ:—Nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violæ? ¶ Rides (ait) et ninnis uncis

The modern poet's advocate replies:
"For is there that man breathing, who denies
" His love of fame? is there who can refuse
" The proffer'd praises that await his muse?—
" Who scorns to rescue from the book-worm's rage
" Strains that might live to charm a distant age,
" And, deaf to glory's voice, can leave his books
" A prey to fishmongers and pastry-cooks?"
Know, brother disputant! (whoe'er thou art
Whom I have made to bear the' opponent's part)
If aught by chance of happier vein appear—
In me a change indeed!—but yet, if e'er
Some brighter thought be by the muse inspired,
I am not one that scorns to be admired:
To well-earn'd praise I am not callous grown,
Nor is my heart philosophiz'd to stone.
But that your *bravo* and *bravissimo*
Should be the end and aim of all we do,—
That flimsy compliment should form the test
And touch-stone of all merit—'tis a jest!

Naribus indulges. An erit qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse, et, cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec thus?
¶ Quisquis es, o modo quem ex adverso dicere feci!
Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit—
Quando hæc rara avis est—si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam: neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.
Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
Euge tuum et *Belle*: nam *Belle* hoc excute totum;
Quid non intus habet? non hic est Ilias Attî

Fame, Credit, Health of Mind—all this is clear,
Such as the passing traveller might hear:
The rest within, or in soft murmurs dies:—
" Oh! could I see my uncle's blest demise!
" Oh! might it be kind Hercules' will and pleasure
" To bid my plough turn up some hidden treasure!
" My ward (God bless him!) but obstructs my views;
" Were he but gone, I step into his shoes:
" I wish the Gods would of their special grace
" Free him from pain and put me in his place!
" Poor youth! with scurvy and sharp bile opprest
" His life can scarce an object be at best:
" See—lucky Nerius, two rich wives interr'd,
" Already takes unto himself a third!"
Such vows with all due sanctity to pay,
Most impiously devout, ere break of day
You rise, and twice or thrice, just fresh from bed,
In Tiber plunge your night-polluted head.
One short—one simple question let me ask;
Trust me, the answer is an easy task:

Mens bona, Fama, Fides—hæc clare et ut audiat hospes:
Illa sibi introrsum et sub lingua immurmurat: *O si*
Ebulliat patrui præclarum funus! et, *O si*
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria, dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus heres
Impello, expungam! namque est scabiosus et acri
Bile tumet: Nerio jam tertia ducitur uxor.
Hæc sancte ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
Mane caput bis terque, et noctem flumine purgas.
Heus, age, responde (minimum est quod scire laboro);

'Tis this then—Of what nature in your eyes
Appears great Jove, the sovereign of the skies?
Is there of mortals whom you would prefer—
Say Staius, whom you will—to Jupiter?
Doubt you to name which abler is to guard
The laws as judge or shield the infant ward?
Come then, let Staius these petitions hear
With which you think to tempt the Thunderer's ear:
Great Jove! he'd cry, *what impious vows for pelf!*
And shall not Jove exclaim the same himself?
What tho', when earth and sky loud thunders rock,
You and your house survive the dreadful shock,
Yet with the sulphurous bolt yon oak is riven?—
Have then your crimes escaped the eye of Heaven?
What tho' nor Tuscan seer nor victim slain
Doom you, by lightning blasted to remain
Tomb'd on the spot within the sacred grove,
A dread example of the wrath of Jove?—
Is he then, think you, nothing to be fear'd?
Does he permit who will to lug his beard?

De Jove quid sentis? estne ut præponere cures
Hunc cuiquam? cuinam vis?—Staio? An scilicet hæres
Quis potior judex, puerisve quis aptior orbis?
Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio:—*Proh Jupiter! o bone* (clamet)
Jupiter!—At sese non clamet Jupiter ipse?
Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyus ilex
Sulphure discutitur sacro quam tuque domusque?
An, quia non, fibris ovium Ergennaque jubente,
Triste jaces lucis evitandumque Bidental,
Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam

Or what's the price for which these heavenly givers
Incline their ears?—is it but lights and livers?
Behold, in rites of due lustration skill'd,
The aunt or grandame lifts the cradled child:
That finger, first, whose pointing speaks disgrace,
Upon his forehead and moist lip they place,
With sov'reign spittle wet, instructed well
Against the witching eye to work the spell.
At length, all ceremonies past with joy
They dandle in their arms the puling boy,
And hail the bantling with prophetic vow
Now lord of Licinus's lands, and now
Of Crassus' houses:—"Heaven be pleased to shower
"Down on his head wealth, beauty, fame, and power!
"May kings and queens desire him for their son!
"May every damsel, by his beauty won,
"Pursue him with fond glance, where'er he goes!
"And every thing he treads on be a rose!"
Well, to no gossip-nurse will I consign
The task of praying for a child of mine:

Jupiter? aut quidnam est, qua tu mercede Deorum
Emeris auriculas? pulmone et lactibus unctis?
Ecce, avia aut metuens Divûm matertera cunis
Exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
Infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita.
Tunc manibus quatit, et Spem macram supplice voto
Nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.
Hunc optent generum rex et regina! puellæ
Hunc rapiant! quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat!

Oh, tho' in whitest garments she be dress'd,
Great Jove! in mercy cancel the request.
You pray for nerves so tough and blood so pure
As may unhurt the sap of age endure:
'Tis well;—But know rich stews and season'd dishes
Forbid the Gods themselves to grant your wishes.
You'd fain grow rich by dint of oxen slain,
And with fat entrails tempt the God of gain:
Propitiate thou my household-Gods, you cry,
And bid my flocks increase and multiply!
Idiot! in vain he vows, in vain he prays,
While those same flocks on daily altars blaze.
Yet still he thinks to conquer; still he brings
His savoury cates and greasy offerings:
Now, sure, my flock's increasing—now my field,
Now, now, the Gods to my intreaties yield.
Thus, tho' each day is to increase his store,
Each day beholds it scantier than before;
'Till deep within his chest is left to groan
One poor sad piece, abandon'd and alone.

Ast ego nutrici non mando vota: negato,
Jupiter! hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogârit.
Poscis opem nervis, corpusque fidele senectæ:
Esto, age: sed grandes patinæ tucetaque crassa
Annuere his Superos vetuere, Jovemque morantur.
Rem struere exoptas cæso bove, Mercuriumque
Arcessis fibra:—*Da fortunare Penates!*
Da pecus et gregibus fœtum!—Quo, pessime, pacto,
Tot tibi cum in flammis junicum omenta liquescant?
Et tamen hic extis et opimo vincere ferto
Intendit: *jam crescit ager, jam crescit ovile;*
Jam dabitur, jamjam: donec, deceptus et expes,

To *you*, 'tis true, were silver presents brought,
Or graven goblets exquisitely wrought
Of massive gold, pleased with the glittering toy,
Your tears would gush—your heart would leap for joy.
Hence you expect to bribe each God and smear
His face with captive gold to gain his ear.
Among the brazen Brethren first be he
That sends the dream from grosser humours free!
Let him stand first, who first your prayer has heard,
And oh! be sure at least—to gild his beard!
The earthen vase that Numa used of old,
And brass Saturnian now makes way for *gold*:
To *gold* the antique Tuscan pitcher turns,
And Vesta must be served with *golden* urns.
O minds congenial with the trodden clod!
O hearts that never can ascend to God!
What bear your vices even to the shrine,
And judge by this frail flesh of joys divine!

Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.
Si *tibi* crateras argenti incusaque pingui
Auro dona feram, sudes, et pectore lævo
Excutias guttas: lætari prætrepidum cor.
Hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quod ovato
Perducis facies: nam Fratres inter ahenos,
Somnia pituita qui purgatissima mittunt
Præcidui sunto, sitque illis aurea barba.
Aurum vasa Numæ Saturniaque impulit æra,
Vestalesque urnas et Tuscum fictile mutat.
O curvæ in terris animæ et cœlestium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros immittere mores,
Et bona Dis ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?

'Twas this infused the Cassia in our oil,
Bade Tyrian dyes Calabrian fleeces soil,
Forth from the shell the pearly berry tore,
And wrung the glittering metal from the ore.
Vile are these pleasures, grossly vile; yet these
The vicious taste of *Man* have power to please:
But say, ye priests,—ye Flamens, tell me true,
What has this gold within the *shrine* to do?
As much avails it with the powers above
As Dolls presented to the Queen of love.
Go, then, and rather let your offering be
(What great Messala's purblind progeny
From lordliest charges never can present)
A conscience clear, a heart that's innocent,—
A deep-felt sense of right and wrong, a breast
With every nobler principle imprest!
With such oblations to the shrine repair,—
And, tho' a wheaten cake be all you bear,
Heaven shall approve the gift and grant the prayer.

Hæc sibi corrupto Casiam dissolvit olivo,
Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus;
Hæc baccam conchæ rasisse, et stringere venas
Ferventis massæ crudo de pulvere jussit.
Peccat et hæc,—peccat; vitio tamen utitur: at vos
Dicite, Pontifices! in sancto quid facit aurum?
Nempe hoc quod Veneri donatæ a virgina puppæ.
Quin damus id Superis, de magna quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messala lippa propago,—
Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto?
Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

SATIRE III.

DAY after day the same! Lo, morning bright
Pierces your chamber, and long streams of light
Pour'd thro' the shutter's chinks proclaim the day!
Yet fast asleep you lie, and snore away
The sickly fumes of sheer Falernian wine,
'Till the sun's shadow touches the fifth line:
See, harvest bakes beneath the Dog-star's fire,
And the parch'd flocks to the broad elm retire!
Indeed! so late!—some waking comrade cries,
Here, slaves, be quick—what ho! I wish to rise.
The sluggard chafes: *Peace, peace! you cleave my ear,*
As if Arcadia's herds were braying near.
Now on the desk he spreads the polish'd skins;
With books and pen in hand the task begins.

SATIRA III.

NEMPE hæc assidue! jam clarum mane fenestras
Intrat, et angustas extendit lumine rimas:
Stertimus indomitum quod despumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quinta dum linea tangitur umbra.
En quid agis? siccas insana Canicula messes
Jamdudum coquit, et patula pecus omne sub ulmo est.
Unus ait comitum, *Verumne? itane? ocyus adsit*
Huc aliquis! nemon'?—turgescit vitrea bilis;
Findor, ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.
Jam liber, et bicolor positis membrana capillis,

But here new difficulties still succeed:
The thickening liquor hangs upon his reed;
Then 'tis too pale; and with increasing rage
He damns the watery drops that blot the page.
Poor wretch, and yet more wretchedevery day,
Trifling the' irrevocable hour away!
Why not at once squeal for the pap and spoon?
Go, blubber for the rattle or the moon:
Be the spoil'd child, that screams he knows not why,
And beats his nurse, and spurns the lullaby!
Curse on this pen!—Whom, trifler, do you cheat?
Know, 'tis yourself, and that's the worst deceit.
Youth run to waste, as you shall quickly find,
Leaves no memorial, but contempt, behind.
The skillful potter taps the pitcher round,
And, if it yield a dull or jarring sound,
He flings the flaw'd or ill-baked earth away:
And what are *you* but soft and yielding clay,

Inque manus chartæ, nodosaque venit arundo.
Tunc queritur crassus calamo quod pendeat humor;
Nigra quod infusa vanescat sepia lympha;
Dilutas queritur geminet quod fistula guttas.
O miser, inque dies ultra miser! huccine rerum
Venimus? at cur non potius, teneroque columbo
Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum
Poscis, et iratus mammæ lallare recusas?
An tali studeam calamo?—Cui verba? quid istas
Succinis ambages? *tibi* luditur; effluis, amens!
Contemnere. Sonat vitium percussa, maligne
Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.

Bound even now the plastic hand to feel,
And turn obsequious to the whirling wheel?—
  Thanks to your fathers, your estate, tho' small,
Ensures a comfortable *wherewithal*;—
Good wholesome bread, a table neat tho' plain,
A silver salt-dish free from spot or stain,
A never-failing pan of decent earth,
To offer to the Gods that guard your hearth—
All these are mine (you say), and mine *by birth*.
  Fool, is it this alone for which you puff
That pride-distended crest? is this enough?
What tho' of Tuscan blood some poor remains
Creep in you, filter'd thro' a thousand veins?
What tho' amid the Knights, with gorgeous suit,
The Censor's self as kinsman you salute?
Go, to the crowd your tawdry trappings tell;—
Not here:—I know you inwardly and well.
Do you ne'er blush, thus sunk in sloth supine,
To live a Natta and a Libertine?
His heart is waxen gross, and dead to shame;
He sees not—feels not,—therefore has less blame:

Udum et molle lutum es, nunc—nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus sine fine rota.—Sed rure paterno
Est tibi far modicum, purum et sine labe salinum,
(Quid metuas?) cultrixque foci secura patella est.
  Hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis,
Censoremve tuum vel quod trabeate salutas?
Ad populum phaleras! ego te intus et in cute novi.
Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattæ?
Sed stupet hic vitio et fibris increvit opimum

Without a hope—without a wish to rise,
Plunged in the lowest sink of vice he lies,
Whose stagnant waters scarce a bubble show
To mark the spot where sleeps the wretch below.
Great Father of the Gods! be this the meed
Of Tyrants stain'd with many a bloody deed;—
When frensied lust of power within them reigns,
And darts its deadly poison thro' their veins,
Virtue in all her charms before them set,
And rack them with the pangs of vain regret!
Not deeper was *His* agonizing moan
Who in the brazen Bull was doom'd to groan;
Not more aghast the purpled flatterer stood,
When 'mid the royal banquet first he view'd
From the gilt roof suspended by a thread
The naked sword hang threatening o'er his head;—
Than, gazing on the precipice below,
The wretch who says within himself, *I go—*
To headlong ruin go, with fatal speed—
Too weak to stop, yet shuddering to proceed;

Pingue; caret culpa; nescit quid perdat; et, alto
Demersus, summa rursus non bullit in unda.
Magne pater Divûm! sævos punire tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno;—
Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta!
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra Juvenci,—
Et magis, auratis pendens laquearibus, ensis
Purpureas subter cervices terruit, *Imus,*
Imus præcipites! quam si sibi dicat, et intus

While the heart whispers, what the tongue must hide
Ev'n from the wife that slumbers at his side.
Time was, when (glad, like you, of an excuse)
I bathed my eyes with blearing olive-juice,
If loath to spout on the appointed day
The ranting stuff I made great Cato say,
When, nobly spurning Rome's victorious lord,
The patriot Stoic sunk upon his sword;—
Tho' sure my Tutor would at every line
In well-feign'd raptures cry, *t'was wonderous fine!*
And, summoning his friends, my trembling sire
Would fondly come to listen and admire.
For why—my first desire was then to know
Which was the winning, which the losing throw:
How much the fatal Ace would sink my hoard,
And how the lucky Sice would sweep the board;
With wary aim to pitch the flying ball,
And lash the giddy top the best of all.
But you are tutor'd in fair Wisdom's school
To try distorted morals by the rule:

Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor?
Sæpe oculos (memini) tangebam parvus olivo,
Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
Dicere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ Pater adductis sudans audiret amicis
Jure etenim id summum, quid dexter Senio ferret
Scire, erat in voto; damnosa Canicula quantum
Raderet; angustæ collo non fallier orcæ;
Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.
Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprêndere mores,

Bred in the *Porch*, and nurtured with its lore—
The Porch, with trowser'd Persians pictured o'er;
For which, on husks and homely pottage fed,
The close-cropt youth despise their midnight bed.
The Samian Y has pointed to your sight
The path of Virtue rising toward the right.
And yet, with heavy head and drowsy eye,
Exhaling last night's surfeit, there you lie!
What—have you not proposed some certain end,
Whither each act, as to its butt, may tend?
Or do you chase, as fancy leads the way,
Like idle truants arm'd with shards or clay,
Each random crow,—nor look beyond to-day?
When Dropsy bloats the skin at every pore,
Too late the patient calls for Hellebore:
He, that anticipates the coming ill,
May spare the Doctor and reject his pill;

Quæque docet sapiens, braccatis illita Medis,
Porticus; insomnis quibus et detonsa juventus
Invigilat, siliquis et grandi pasta polenta:
Et tibi, quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.
Stertis adhuc? laxumque caput, compage soluta,
Oscitat hesternum, dissutis undique malis?
Est aliquid quo tendis et in quod dirigis arcum?
An passim sequeris corvos testaque lutoque,
Securus quo pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?
Helleborum frustra cum jam cutis ægra tumebit,
Poscentes videas: venienti occurrite morbo,

But, what an ounce of prudence might retain,
Mines heap'd on Craterus cannot fetch again.
Go, thoughtless wretch! and scan the sum of things,
Their secret causes and their latent springs;—
Learn what ye are, and for what ends design'd,—
Bound to what order, by what rules confined:
Reflect, how nice a task it is to steer
Your course around the goal in Life's career:
How far to' indulge your wishes; what to prize;
In the stamp'd coin what real virtue lies;
And what (since to himself no mortal lives)
We owe our Country and our relatives:
How all are posted by the heavenly Powers,
And what peculiar post is destined yours.—
Learn this,—nor let your breast with envy burn,
If pepper and if hams, a rich return,
The Marsian client to his pleader yields;
Or, to the patron of her fertile fields

Et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes?
Discite, o miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum:
Quid sumus et quidnam victuri gignimur: ordo
Quis datus; et metæ qua mollis flexus, et unde:
Quis modus argento: quid fas optare: quid asper
Utile nummus habet: patriæ carisque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat: quem te Deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.
Disce—nec invideas, quod multa fidelia putet
In locuplete penu, defensis pinguibus Umbris;
Et piper et pernæ, Marsi monumenta clientis;

From Umbria sent, full many a jar turns stale,
And pilchards upon pilchards never fail.
But here, methinks, some gaunt Centurion cries,
" Why all this mighty pother to be wise?
" I'm just as wise as what I want, nor care
" To be what all your crabbed Solons are,—
" Or dull Arcesilas, in thought profound,
" With head awry, still gazing on the ground;
" See, how with surly looks they mope and mutter,
" And weigh on pouting gib each word they utter;
" Musing some dotard's dream; as—*Nought can rise*
" *From nothing, into nothing nothing dies!*
" Is this what makes them look so pale and wan?
" This all the dainty fare they dine upon?"
Such jokes as these delight the public ear;
Such wit the brawny wags crowd round to hear:
Each nose is wrinkled, and each mouth grins wide,
And chuckling peals of laughter shake the side.

Mænaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca.
Hic aliquis de gente hircosa Centurionum
Dicat, *Quod sapio, satis est mihi: non ego curo*
Esse quod Arcesilas aerumnosique Solones,
Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram;
Murmura cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt,
Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,—
Ægroti veteris meditantes somnia, GIGNI
DE NIHILO NIHIL, IN NIHILUM NIL POSSE REVERTI:
Hoc est, quod palles? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?
His populus ridet, multumque torosa juventus
Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

" Doctor, I feel a fluttering at my breast,
" With respiration hard and lungs opprest:
" In such a case, pray what would you advise?"
Sobriety and rest—the sage replies:
The third night gone, his palpitations cease;
His pulse beats gently, and he breathes with ease.
Regardless of his diet, straight he sends
To ask some rich Surrentine of his friends:
Run to my noble neighbour, slave, and say
I beg a flaggon—I shall bathe to-day.
Soon after comes the Doctor—" Hey! my friend,
" How now? you're sadly pale; why don't you mend?"
No matter. " Nay, good Sir! but (not to flatter)
" 'Tis time that you beware of this NO MATTER;
" For by your pallid looks and morbid size,
" I fear the water has begun to rise."
Phoh, stuff! if I be pale, I'm sure you're worse:
Physicians lecture! Heaven avert the curse!
One tutor dead and gone, now YOU *must teaze.*
" I've done—'pray, kill yourself, sir, if you please."

Inspice, nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus, et ægris
Faucibus exuperat gravis halitus: inspice, sodes—
Qui dicit medico, jussus requiescere, postquam
Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,
De majore domo modice sitiente lagena
Lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.
¶ Heus, bone, tu palles. ¶ *Nihil est.* ¶ Videas tamen istud,
Quicquid id est: surgit tacite tibi lutea pellis.
¶ *At tu deterius palles; ne sis mihi tutor:*
Jampridem hunc sepeli; tu restas? ¶ Perge; tacebo.

And now, the bath prepared, with bloated skin
And stomach gorged, the patient plunges in;
His throat exhaling a sulphureous steam
Rank as mephitic pool or noisome stream.
But scarcely has he touch'd the cup's warm brim;
When a chill tremor seizes every limb:
Betwixt his fingers down the goblet slips;
His gnashing teeth are sever'd from his lips:
The unctuous viands fall—his brain turns round,
And down he tumbles lifeless to the ground.
Then blaze the flambeaux, then the trumpets blow,
With all the splendor of a raree-show:
See, on his lofty couch the *dear deceased*,
With aromatic oils and ointments greased,
His cold stiff limbs extended t'ward the gate:
While, with the cap of freedom on each pate,
Romans of yesterday all newly shorn
Support his bier, and mourn—or seem to mourn.
Now thrust your hand within your bosom, Fool!
And feel your pulse:—Is all composed and cool?

Turgidus hic epulis atque albo ventre lavatur,
Gutture sulphureas lente exhalante mephites.
Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque trientem
Excutit e manibus: dentes crepuere retecti:
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
Hinc tuba, candelæ; tandemque beatulus, alto
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis,
In portam rigidos calces extendit: at illum
Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.
Tange, miser! venas, et pone in pectore dextram:

Or try the' extremities of hands and feet:—
Is nothing cold? all of a moderate heat?
If the bright coin has caught your eye by chance,
Or your friend's mistress casts the meaning glance,
Does your unruffled heart beat equal measures,
Unmoved by avarice, unseduced by pleasures?
Let a cold plate be set before you, spread
With dry tough sallad or with coarse brown bread:
Oh, no! your palate's sore; you cannot eat,
Or scrub your tender throat with vulgar beet.
Then you're as fickle as the wind and weather,
And know not your own mind two hours together:
One minute chill'd with ague-fits of fear,
Your hair starts upright, like the bearded ear:
Another sees the angry mood arise,
Boil in your blood, and sparkle in your eyes:
Like touchwood to the match, you burn away;
Your brain turns giddy, and you do and say
What mad Orestes (not more wild than you)
Would swear that none but mad men say or do.

Nil calet hic?—Summosque pedes attinge manusque:
Non frigent?—Visa est si forte pecunia, sive
Candida vicini subrisit molle puella,
Cor tibi rite salit?—Positum est algente catino
Durum olus, et populi cribro decussa farina:
Tentemus fauces: tenero latet ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere beta.
Alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas.
Nunc, face supposita, fervescit sanguis, et ira
Scintillant oculi; dicisque facisque, quod ipse
Non sani esse hominis non sanus juret Orestes.

SATIRE IV.

You guide the state! (so spoke the good old Sage
Who fell a victim to his country's rage
And quaff'd the deadly bowl)—*You* guide the state!
You charge your shoulders with a nation's weight!
On what pretence claim you so high a care?
Ward of the mighty Pericles! declare.
With you (it seems), 'ere manhood beards the chin,
Shrewd forecast and deep policy begin.
You, doubtless, can discern on every head
What best to say and what to leave unsaid.
Hence, if the mob with stones and brickbats wage
Fierce war, you boldly run to quell their rage,
Eager their mute attention to command
By the majestic waving of your hand.
All crowd to hear an orator so young:
But what sage counsel issues from your tongue?

SATIRA IV.

Rem populi tractas? (Barbatum hoc crede magistrum
Dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ)
Quo fretus? dic hoc, magni pupille Periclî!
Scilicet ingenium et rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit: dicenda tacendaque calles.
Ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ
Majestate manûs: quid deinde loquêre?—*Quirites*,

Romans! your conduct, as it seems to us,
Is wrong: methinks, 'twere better thus—or thus.
For you can balance truth in reason's scales,
And shew to a hair's breadth which side prevails:
You can explore through error's tortuous ways
Duty's straight path conceal'd amid the maze:
To each nice question, with a casuist's care,
You can apply the rectifying square:
Nay, tho' the rule itself be turn'd awry,
Its wrung foot baffles not your wary eye;
And your dread *Theta* bids the guilty die.
Why fondly thus, of outside beauty proud,
Flaunt 'ere your time before a flattering crowd?
Go, foolish Boy! give these mad projects o'er,
And dose yourself with seas of Hellebore.
What do you deem the *sovereign good*, I pray?
" To bask and batten in the noon-tide ray:
" With essenced oils to bid the sleek skin shine;
" With swimming plate on luscious cates to dine."

Hoc, puto, non justum est—illud male—rectius istud.
Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ: rectum discernis, ubi inter
Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo:
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere *Theta*.
Quin tu igitur, summa nequicquam pelle decorus,
Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?
Quæ tibi summa boni est?—*Uncta vixisse patella*
Semper, et assiduo curata cuticula sole.

Softly, young man!—Yon tatter'd hobbling dame
To the same question would reply the same.
Go now, and vaunt your mother's noble race;
Boast of your beauteous form and blooming face!
Why be it so—Yet Baucis at her stall,
Whose only science is to cheat and bawl,—
Who with hoarse cry each passing knave addresses,
And trumpets forth her cabbages and cresses,
(Say what you please, the parallel holds true)
Has just as much philosophy as *you*.
  Where is the man—ah! where—that dares to pry
Into himself with bold impartial eye?
The wallet on his neighbour's shoulders thrown
Each sees—each turns his back upon his own.
  Should one but ask you—" Did you ever see
" Vectidius' farms?"—*Who's that?* you say. " Why he,
" Whose manors in the Sabine district cover
" A tract of ground the kite can scarce fly over."
That ill-starr'd wretch (you cry), *whose scanty board*
Still cheats his belly to augment his hoard?

Expecta,—haud aliud respondeat hæc anus. I nunc,—
Dinomaches ego sum, suffla; *Sum candidus.*—Esto,
Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucia Baucis,
Cum bene discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.
  Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
  Quæsieris—" Nostin' Vectidî prædia?"—*Cujus?*
" Dives arat Curibus quantum non milvus oberret;"
Hunc! ais; *hunc Dîs iratis Genioque sinistro!*

Who in that merry month, when peasants meet
And hang their useless yokes along the street,
With much reluctance shuddering at the task
Breaks up the seal of some old musty flask;
And, cursing from his soul such costly joys,
With heavy heart cries, Let's be merry, boys!
Munching a salted onion to the peel
With hasty pudding made of coarsest meal,
And, while his slaves extol the festive fare,
Smacks the last dregs of ropy vinegar!
But if with fragrant oils anointed o'er
You drink the sunny ray at every pore,
Some wag his elbow in *your* side shall thrust,
And tax in turn your luxury and lust.
Why (he will say) *rub those fine ointments in?*
Why give that silky softness to your skin?
While o'er your poll the perfumed tresses flow,
Say why proscribe the bristly beard below?

Qui, quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,
Scriola veterem metuens deradere limum,
Ingemit, Hoc bene sit! *tunicatum cum sale mordens*
Cæpe; et, farrata pueris plaudentibus olla,
Pannosam fœcem morientis sorbet aceti!
At si unctus cesses, et frigas in cute solem,
Est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, et acre
Despuat in mores; *Penemque arcanaque lumbi*
Runcantem, populo marcentes pandere vulvas!
Tu, cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,

In vain a hundred hands pluck up the weeds
On that rank soil, where crop to crop succeeds;
In tongs' and tweezers' spite, do all you can,
The rising stubble still betrays the man.
Such is our fate: we give and take the blow,
Smiting by turns and smitten by the foe.
Fain would you make the world believe you sound;
Yet in your loins there lurks a secret wound,
Which tho' a gorgeous sash may so conceal
That others see it not, yet *you* must *feel:*
Cheat, as you list, the purblind eye of man;
But hide it from yourself—you never can.
What, when my neighbours chaunt my praise, must I
Protest 'tis false, and give the world the lie?
Fool, if the glimpse of money turn you pale,—
If itching lust o'er reason's voice prevail,—
If all the Forum your hard gripe lament,
Groaning beneath the lash of Cent-per-cent—

Inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio extat?
Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Elixasque nates labefactent forcipe adunca,
Non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.
Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.
Vivitur hoc pacto; sic novimus. Ilia subter
Cæcum vultus habes; sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da verba; et decipe nervos,
Si potes. *Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,*
Non credam?—Viso si palles, improbe! nummo;—
Si facis, in penem quicquid tibi venit amarum;—
Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas;—

Then 'tis in vain your ear insatiate draws
The tickling music of a Mob's applause:
For ask your conscience, if this clamorous din
Be echoed by the *still small voice* within?
If not, decline, till you deserve, their praise,
And give the Cobler back his loud Huzzas:
Then—quit the world; into yourself retire:
Note each mad passion and each wild desire:
Look well at home; and, as you look, take care
To mark the scanty stock yet treasured there.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures.
Respue quod non es: tollat sua munera cerdo:
Tecum habita; nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex!

SATIRE V.

POETS, whene'er they start some theme sublime
That claims the loftier energies of rhime,
Are wont to ask a brazen pair of lungs,
A hundred voices, and a hundred tongues;
Whether the Tragic tale their muse engage,
That 'struts and frets its hour upon the stage;'
Or, sung in epic verse, the Parthian die,
Wrenching the barbed arrow from his thigh.
But how is this? (you'll say) *what mawkish verse,*
What fustian rant prepare you to rehearse,
That such huge powers of utterance you implore,
Imping your wing in airy realms to soar?
Take my advice; leave those adventurous wights
To tempt the giddy Heliconian heights,
Who the dire feasts and bubbling cauldrons sing,
Or of Thyestes or the Thracian king;

SATIRA V.

VATIBUS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
Centum ora, et linguas optare in carmina centum;
Fabula seu mœsto ponatur hianda tragœdo,
Vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.
Quorsum hæc? aut quantas robusti carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti?
Grande locuturi nebulas Helicone legunto;
Si quibus aut Prognes, aut si quibus olla Thyestæ

Banquets, at which (however dull) 'tis plain
Dull Glycon loves to cut and come again.
With you no puffing panting bellows blow
To bid the forming mass intensely glow :—
No mutterings in the teeth with raven croak
Proclaim the thought that labours to be spoke :—
Nor cheeks, like caverns where hoarse winds are pent,
With mighty meanings burst—where nought is meant.
You lay the Buskin's high-flown diction down,
To court the simpler language of the GOWN ;—
To roll its polish'd energy along
Graceful yet vigorous, and smooth tho' strong ;
To bid the blushing villain read and smart,
And point the jest that cuts him to the heart.
Here take your stand, my friend ! here fix your themes ;
And leave the witlings to their idle dreams :
The bloody banquets which from Greece they call,—
Leave them at Argos, head and feet and all !
Thither let poets more ambitious roam ;
Be you content with humbler fare AT HOME !

Fervebit, sæpe insulso cœnanda Glyconi.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum massa camino,
Folle premis ventos ; nec clauso murmure raucus
Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris ineptè ;
Nec stloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.
Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico ; pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
Hinc trahe, quæ dicas : mensasque relinque Mycenis,
Cum capite et pedibus ; plebeiaque prandia nôris.

Think not I wish to swell my flimsy page
With noisy nothings and unmeaning rage:
To raise thick smoke instead of generous fires,
And blow the bubble that in froth expires.
To you I speak, and (all apart but you)
Lay bare this bosom to your searching view.
Yes, my much honour'd friend! how large a part
Cornutus occupies in Persius' heart,
I'd fain reveal: Then put me to the test;
Trace every secret winding of my breast:
Like the nice potter, turn it round and round,
And knock if all be solid there and sound:—
You—who so well discern the varnish'd lies,
That lurk beneath Hypocrisy's disguise.
For this, my friend! for this stupendous task
A hundred tongues I might with reason ask;—
In pure and artless language to unroll
The soft affections of my inmost soul,—
Those sacred throbs with which our bosoms swell,
When the heart feels more than the tongue can tell.

Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Secreti loquimur: Tibi nunc, hortante Camena,
Excutienda damus præcordia; quantaque nostræ
Pars tua sit, Cornute! animæ, tibi, dulcis amice!
Ostendisse juvat. Pulsa, dignoscere cautus
Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguæ.
His ego centenas ausim deposcere voces,—
Ut quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
Voce traham pura; totumque hoc verba resignent,
Quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra.

Soon as I laid my guardian Purple down,
And trembling left it for the manly Gown;—
When from my neck the glittering Ball unstrung,
Now sacred to the cinctured Lares hung;—
When joyous comrades summon'd me away
To frantic revels and voluptuous play;—
When the white Boss, that knits the parting fold,
Gave me to range Suburra uncontroul'd;—
When Life's ambiguous path divides in two,
And heedless steps the flowery way pursue;
To *You* I went the sheltering wing to share,
And gladly courted your parental care.
My tender years you to your bosom bore,
And gently foster'd with Socratic lore.
Then did the rule of right, by you applied,
Straighten those morals that were warp'd aside;
To you and Reason bow'd my willing soul,
Proud of the yoke and glorying in controul;
And, moulded to the form your wisdom plann'd,
Took all its features from your plastic hand.

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,
Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pependit;—
Cum blandi comites; totaque impune Suburra
Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus Umbo;—
Cumque iter ambiguum est, et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes;—
Me tibi supposui: Teneros tu suscipis annos
Socratico, Cornute! sinu. Tunc, fallere solers,
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores;
Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat,
Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum.

Oft I remember to have worn away
With you, well-pleased, the live long summer's day:
And oft the twilight hour from feasts I stole,
To share with you the banquet of the soul:
Alike we rested and to labour rose;
Our toil was one, and one was our repose:
Together now we plied the task, and now
With frugal fare relax'd the serious brow.
Who, then, can doubt but some celestial ties
Sprung from one planet, knit our destinies?
Or fate, whose stedfast purpose never fails,
Suspended both our lots in even *scales*;
Or that blest point, of all the circling sphere,
Most due to friendship and to friends most dear,
Bade us, like *Twins*, in every thought be join'd,
And made, thò' two in person, one in mind;
Or both beheld stern *Saturn*'s baleful hour
Crost by superior *Jove*'s benignant power:—
Some star there is, whatever star it be,
Which sheds one influence on my friend and me.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
Unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
Non equidem hoc dubites, amborum fœdere certo
Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci.
Nostra vel æquali suspendit tempora *Libra*,
Parca tenax veri; seu, nata fidelibus, hora
Dividit in *Gemino*s concordia fata duorum;
Saturnumve gravem nostro Jove frangimus una:
Nescio quod, certe est, quod me tibi temperat, astrum.

Romans! your conduct, as it seems to us,
Is wrong: methinks, 'twere better thus—or thus.
For you can balance truth in reason's scales,
And shew to a hair's breadth which side prevails:
You can explore through error's tortuous ways
Duty's straight path conceal'd amid the maze:
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Boast of your beauteous form and blooming face!
Why be it so—Yet Baucis at her stall,
Whose only science is to cheat and bawl,—
Who with hoarse cry each passing knave addresses,
And trumpets forth her cabbages and cresses,
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" Whose manors in the Sabine district cover
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Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
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Say why proscribe the bristly beard below?

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Seriole veterem metuens deradere limum,
Ingemit, Hoc bene sit! *tunicatum cum sale mordens*
Cœpe; et, farrata pueris plaudentibus olla,
Pannosam facem morientis sorbet aceti!
At si unctus cesses, et frigas in cute solem,
Est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, et acre
Despuat in mores; *Penemque arcanaque lumbi*
Runcantem, populo marcentes pandere vulvas!
Tu, cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,

In vain a hundred hands pluck up the weeds
On that rank soil, where crop to crop succeeds;
In tongs' and tweezers' spite, do all you can,
The rising stubble still betrays the man.
Such is our fate: we give and take the blow,
Smiting by turns and smitten by the foe.
Fain would you make the world believe you sound;
Yet in your loins there lurks a secret wound,
Which tho' a gorgeous sash may so conceal
That others see it not, yet *you* must *feel:*
Cheat, as you list, the purblind eye of man;
But hide it from yourself—you never can.
What, when my neighbours chaunt my praise, must I
Protest 'tis false, and give the world the lie?
Fool, if the glimpse of money turn you pale,—
If itching lust o'er reason's voice prevail,—
If all the Forum your hard gripe lament,
Groaning beneath the lash of Cent-per-cent—

Inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio extat?
Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Elixasque nates labefactent forcipe adunca,
Non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.
Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.
Vivitur hoc pacto; sic novimus. Ilia subter
Cæcum vultus habes; sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da verba; et decipe nervos,
Si potes. *Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,*
Non credam?—Viso si palles, improbe! nummo;—
Si facis, in penem quicquid tibi venit amarum;—
Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas;—

As well the country bumpkin might aspire
With clumsy fist to sweep the sounding lyre,
As he pretend, whome'er the Prætor names,
To moral freedom. Reason's self reclaims,
And whispers in the ear, 'tis better far
Never to do, what, if you do, you mar.
The public law which regulates mankind,
And that which Nature stamp'd upon the mind
Alike this rule ordain,—that what is known
You practise, what is not you let alone.
Would he, that ne'er a bolus made before,
Mix for the sick a dose of Hellebore?
Would he discern the quantum to a grain,
Nor Physic of her injured rights complain?
Suppose the hind, with clouted brogues, should ask
To steer the ship, a novice at the task,—
One that had made nor sea nor stars his care,
Nor ever knew Orion from the Bear;—
His azure head would not each Sea-God raise,
And swear all shame was banish'd now-a-days?

Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto:
Stat contra Ratio, et secretam garrit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Publica lex hominum, naturaque continet hoc fas,
Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.
Diluis helleborum, certo compescere puncto
Nescius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi:
Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator,
Luciferi rudis, exclamet Melicerta perisse

Say, are *you* gifted with that nobler art—
To quell the passions and correct the heart?
Can you distinguish truth from error's dreams,
And that which is from that which only seems,—
The sterling metal from the spurious mass,—
Truth's ringing gold from Falshood's tinkling brass?
Know you, what should—and what should not, be done,—
What we are bound to follow, what to shun?
That have you learnt to *chalk* with steady hand,—
This are you wont with blackest *coal* to brand?
Have you each wish within due bounds confined,
Content yet courteous—and tho' frugal kind?
Know you both when to spare, and when to spend,
Mild to your slave, and pleasant to your friend,—
Witholding now, as time requires, your store,
Now opening all your treasures to the poor?
If in the dirt the glittering coin you 'spy,
Say, can you pass the paltry bauble by,—
Scorning with greedy swallow to devour
What sweets kind Mercury throws within your power?

Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
Ars dedit? et veri speciem dignoscere calles,
Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat auro?
Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,
Illa prius creta, mox hæc carbone notâsti?
Es modicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis?
Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes?
Inque luto fixum possis transcendere nummum,
Nec glutto sorbere salivam Mercurialem?

Whene'er these virtues you can fairly call
Your own, and say—*They're mine! I have them all,*—
Then in the name of Gods and Prætors, be
From this time forth a wise man and a free.
But if you once, when listed in our school,
Desert us, and relapse into the fool,—
If like the fox, you play a double part,
Your former self still lurking at the heart,—
You're free no longer: I retract again
My rash concession; and the length of chain,
Which late I gave you, I once more draw in:
Poor slave! put but your finger out, you sin!
You stare:—But know, no incense can prevail
That ever there should lurk in Folly's scale
One grain of virtue: never can you blend
Things which in motive differ and in end.
As the rude Boor attempts in vain to trace
The mazy dance with a Bathyllus' grace,
Or, with mute eloquence, in strictest time
To move a Satyr in the Pantomime,—

Hec mea sunt; teneo;—cum vere dixeris, esto
Liberque ac sapiens, Prætoribus et Jove dextro!
Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paullo ante farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, et, fronte politus,
Astutam vapido servas in pectore vulpem;
Quæ dederam supra, repeto; funemque reduco:
Nil tibi concessit ratio: Digitum exere, peccas.
Et quid tam parvum est? Sed nullo thure litabis
Hæreat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.
Hæc miscere nefas: nec, cum sis cætera fossor,

So he, devoid of wisdom, vainly tries
To do one action worthy of the wise.
I'm free, you say: But tell me, on what ground,
When to so many masters you are bound?
Think you, no other lord exists, but he
From whom the Prætor's wand has dubb'd you free?
Boy, to Crispinus' baths these strigils bear;
Go, fly this instant, Sirrah! do you hear?—
Thus should your former master cry, you stand
Proud of your rights and deaf to his command:
But t'other day his vassal and his drudge,
Now at his bidding not a foot you budge;—
And, looking stern defiance, boldly scout
That slavery which oppresses *from without*.
But how are you exempted from controul,
When still new despots lord it o'er your soul?
Or how less subject to another's law
Than he whom threats and Cats-o'-nine-tails awe?
Sluggard awake! imperious Avarice cries;
See morning dawns; awake, I say—arise!

Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.
Liber ego.—Unde datum hoc sumis, tot subdite rebus?
An dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat?
I, puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer—
Si increpuit; *cessas, nugator?*—servitium acre
Te nhil impellit; nec quidquam extrinsecus intrat
Quod nervos agitet. Sed, s intus et in jecore ægro
Nascantur domini, quî tu impunitior exis,
Atque hic quem ad strigiles scutica et metus egit herilis?
Mane, piger, stertis? surge, inquit Avaritia; *ejа*,

You plead excuse; She no excuse will take:
Up, up—" Oh, spare me"—*Wake*—" I cannot"—*Wake!*
" And 'prithee, what are your commands?" say you:
What! answers Avarice; *why, what* SHOULD *you do,*
But run forthwith to port, and issue thence
The oil, the fish, the flax, the frankincense,
The Coan wines? Be foremost to unpack
The pepper from the thirsting Camel's back?
Go, turn the penny; traffic for the pelf;
And if your interest need, forswear yourself.
" But what if Jupiter should overhear?"
Fool, if you feel of Jupiter a fear,—
If qualms of conscience choke the rising lie,
Give up your trade and starve on honesty.
Your salt-dish still with patient finger bore,
And, when 'tis all dug out, then—dig for more!
All hands aloft, the voyage they prepare;
Wine, bales, and baggage to the strand they bear:
And now no obstacles your bark retain,
Equipp'd to waft you o'er the' Ægéan main,—

Surge!—Negas; instat: *Surge,* inquit: " Non queo;" *Surge!*
" Et quid agam?"—*Rogitas? saperdas advehe Ponto,*
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa;
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo:
Verte aliquid; jura. " Sed Jupiter audiet." *Eheu!*
Varo, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et cœnophorum aptas:
Ocyus ad navem! nihil obstat quin trabe vasta
Ægæum rapias,—nisi solers Luxuria ante

When lo! persuasive Luxury draws near
And beckoning, softly whispers in your ear;—
What are you seeking, madman!—do you know?
Why all this hurry? whither would you go?
What frantic fires within your bosom rage
That loads of hemlock never can assuage?
YOU *tempt the ocean!* YOU *the tempest brave!*
YOU *court the hardships of the wind and wave!*
YOU *get your dinner, perch'd on a coil'd cable,*
The deck your parlour and a plank your table!
YOU *suck from the broad can, begrimed with tar,*
The fusty lees of Veian Vinegar!
And all for what?—Why, truly, not content
To nurse at home a modest five-per-Cent,
You must, the faster to increase your store,
From every hundred pounds thresh out five more!
Indulge your Genius; drive dull care away,
And seize the pleasures of the passing day:
To revelry and mirth each moment give;
For not to live with ME *is—not to* LIVE:
Think, timely think, how soon that mortal frame
Shall sink in dust, a phantom and a name!

Seductum moneat: *Quo deinde, insane, ruis? quo?*
Quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.
TUN' *mare transilias! tibi, torta cannabe fulto,*
Cœna sit in transtro, Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet, vapida læsum pice, sessilis obba!
Quid petis?—ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge Genio; carpamus dulcia: nostrum est,
Quod vivis; cinis, et Manes, et fabula fies;

Ev'n while we talk, the precious moments fly ;
And what but now was ours,—is now gone by.
Such is your state! By struggling passions torn,
This way by pleasure—that by lucre borne,—
As, when the fish the double bait espies,
He hesitates to chuse, then chusing dies,
So you, in doubt which tyrant to prefer,
Are doom'd, determine as you will, to err.
Nor think, because for once perhaps or twice
You dare to struggle with your headstrong vice,
That lasting freedom must reward the' endeavour,
And that, if free for once, you're free for ever.
Glad of his liberty, the captive dog
Oft gnaws the rope that binds him to his clog :
Still as a badge of slavery, there remains
Trail'd at his neck, a remnant of his chains.
Davus, 'tis my resolve, I'd have you know,
To put an end at once to all my woe.
So spoke the Lover with vexation sick,
Biting the while his thumb-nail to the quick.

Vive memor lethi: fugit hora : hoc, quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis! duplici in diversum scinderis hamo;
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris,—subeas alternus oportet
Ancipiti obsequio dominos, alternus oberres.
Nec tu, cum obstiteris semel, instantique negâris
Parere imperio, *Rupi jam vincula!* dicas:
Nam et luctata canis nodum abripit; attamen illi,
Cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.
Dave, cito (hoc credas jubeo) finire dolores
Præteritos meditor : crudum Cherestratus unguem

What! shall I bring on all my kindred shame,
Squander my substance, scandalize my name—
All for a Jilt, before whose perfumed porch,
Reeling I carol with extinguish'd torch?
What! wreck my fame, my honour, my estate
On the cursed quicksands of a Harlot's gate?
"Well done, my boy!" says Davus; "Haste, and kill
" A lamb to all the Powers that ward off ill."
But hark ye, Davus,—do you think 'twill grieve her,
When the dear creature finds I mean to leave her?
" Phoh! talk not thus, unless you wish to feel
" The discipline of her chastising heel:
" The brandish'd slipper with redoubled stroke
" Shall teach you soon to fret beneath her yoke:
" You bluster now, and freedom call your own;
" One word from her—how changed will be your tone!
" *What can I do? Ah! can I now refuse,*
" *When of herself she sends for me and sues?*

Abrodens ait hæc. *An siccis dedecus obstem*
Cognatis? an rem patriam rumore sinistro
Limen ad obscoenum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
Ebrius ante fores, extincta cum face, canto?
" Euge, puer! sapias: Dis depellentibus agnam
" Percute."—*Sed censen', plorabit, Dave! relicta?*
" Nugaris: solea, puer, objurgabere rubra,
" Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere casses.
" Nunc ferus et violens; at, si vocet, haud mora, dicas,—
" *Quidnam igitur faciam? ne nunc, cum accerset, et ultro*

" Had but your heart escaped unhurt and whole,
" Then, even then, you'd spurn her base controul."
Thus Davus says—and justly says; for he
That hugs his fetters never can be free:
In vain his boasted wand the lictor waves;
If thraldom lurk within, we still are slaves.
  Is that man master of himself an hour,
Whom, madly panting after place and power,
White-robed Ambition leads, ignobly proud,
To cringe for votes and coax a fickle crowd?
Go, with rich largesses the rabble please,
And bid them scold and scramble for your peas;
Let your lewd shows on Flora's festive days
Be such that ages may record your praise,—
And future grey-beards, prattling round their fires,
Tell their sons' sons your bounty to their sires:
Can aught be nobler?—Thus Ambition cries,
While crowds of willing slaves around her rise;
Her mandates trumpet-tongued she sounds afar,
And drags a thousand captives at her car.
  But turn we now to Superstition's slaves,
And mark the wild enthusiast how he raves!

" *Supplicet, accedam?*—Si totus et integer illinc
" Exieras, nec nunc." Hic, hic, quem quæritis, hic est;
Non in festuca, Lictor quam jactat ineptus.
  Jus habet ille sui palpo, quem ducit hiantem
Cretata Ambitio?—*Vigila, et cicer ingere large*
Rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint
Aprici meminisse senes: quid pulchrius?—At cum
Herodis venere dies; unctaque fenestra

On Herod's birth-day, when above—below,
Stuck on the greasy windows all arow,
Each in fantastic garlands quaintly crown'd,
Thick lights emit a pitchy cloud around,—
When with its floating tail the Tunny-fish
Curls round the margin of some russet dish,
And the grey pipkin foams with sparkling wine,—
Then move your lips with mutterings divine;
While with the circumcised Jew you pray,
And trembling solemnize his Sabbath-day.
Next ghosts and goblins dance before your eye,
And the crack'd egg-shell speaks some danger nigh:
Then the big priest and one-eyed priestess come,
With ringing timbrel and with thundering drum,
And with a thousand fears your mind inflame
Of Gods that rack the joints and bloat the frame;
Against whose vengeance nothing can suffice,
Save—Garlic swallow'd every morning thrice.
  Such doctrines of true Freedom should you dare
Amid the gaunt Centurions to declare,

Dispositæ, pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ,
Portantes violas; rubrumque amplexa catinum
Cauda natat thynni,—tumet alba fidelia vino;
Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque Sabbata palles.
Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto:
Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos
Incussere Deos inflantes corpora, si non
Prædictum ter mane caput gustaveris allî.
  Dixeris hæc inter varicosos Centuriones,

Some huge Vulfenius of inflated veins
With a horse laugh rewards you for your pains,—
Swears all Philosophy's a stale pretence,
And rates one hundred Greeks at just—one hundred pence.

Continuo crassum ridet Vulfenius ingens,
Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.

SATIRE VI.

SAY, has the northern blast, and winter's frown
Compell'd my Bassus yet to quit the town?
And does he court once more in calm retreat
The fireside comforts of his Sabine seat?
There does the Muse his forceful hand inspire
To wake with quill severe the slumbering lyre,
Well-skill'd Antiquity's dark springs to trace
With manly sweetness and majestic grace?—
That wondrous artist, who with equal truth
Chaunts the light loves and sprightly joys of youth,— 10
And now of age and hoary virtue sings,
And smites with loftier hand the Latian strings.
Meanwhile his friend on warm Liguria's shore
Sits listening to the distant billow's roar,
While bellying cliffs here bare their rugged side
To the rude lashings of the stormy tide;

SATIRA VI.

ADMOVIT jam bruma foco te, Basse! Sabino?
Jamne lyra et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia rerum
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ,—
Mox juvenes agitare jocos, et pollice honesto 5
Egregios lusisse senes!—Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare; qua latus ingens

And there the wild waves, shelter'd from the deep,
Within a spacious bay in silence sleep.
My countrymen! 'tis worth your while (I trow)
The beauties of fair Luna's port to know.
So spoke old Ennius,—so he wisely spoke,
When from Pythagoréan dreams he woke;
When doubts arose, whether great Homer's soul
Had really been transmitted sound and whole,
And, having duly thro' a peacock past,
Was come to animate himself at last.
Here am I, free from every vulgar care;
Regardless tho' the baleful blast prepare
To smite my flocks; regardless, tho' my field
A scantier crop than some proud neighbour's yield:
Nay, tho' a thousand upstarts meet my eyes,
That, propp'd by arts low as their lineage, rise,—
I scorn to fret with unavailing rage,
And stoop untimely to the yoke of age:
For this I ne'er shall sleep or sup the worse,
Or starve my belly to enrich my purse,

Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat.
Lunaï portum est operæ cognoscere, cives!
Cor jubet hoc Ennî, postquam destertuit esse
Mæonides Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Hic ego, securus vulgi, et quid præparet Auster
Infelix pecori; securus et, angulus ille
Vicini nostro quia pinguior: etsi adeo omnes
Ditescant, orti pejoribus, usque recusem
Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sine uncto,

Thrusting my nose (the wretched miser's task)
Into the bung-hole of some vapid cask.
How different are the joys of different breasts!
What this admires and covets, that detests.
How oft, ascendant planet! mystic power,
Whose sovereign aspect rules the natal hour,
Thou look'st on Twins, in time—place—parents join'd,
Yet differing quite in temper and in mind!
This on his birth-day forced in state to dine,
Dips his dry pot-herbs in the purchased brine,
Careful himself religiously to pour
From the spare pepper-box a dribbling show'r.
A lad of mettle *that*, a jovial youth,
Squanders whole fortunes on his lickorish tooth.
For me, nor this nor that extreme I chuse,
Determined nor to hoard nor waste, but—*use*:
Neither so lavish as to throw away
On slaves and freedmen Turbot every day;
Nor of a taste so exquisitely fine
To care on Thrushes of which sex I dine.
Go, by thy harvest only be confined;
Be bold, and grind the corn thou hast to grind.

Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.
Discrepet his alius: geminos, Horoscope! varo
Producis Genio. Solis natalibus est qui
Tingat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta,
Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper. *Hic* bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. Utar ego, *utar*;
Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
Nec tenuem solers turdarum nôsse salivam.
Messe tenus propria vive; et granaria (fas est)

Why shouldst thou spare? of what art thou afraid?
'Tis but to plough,—new crops are in the blade!
But hold (you say)—*if self thus swallows all,*
What shall remain to answer Duty's call?
Some shipwreck'd friend, escaped the tempest's shock,
Has grasp'd with trembling hand the craggy rock:
All his fond vows, his treasures heap'd in vain,
Lie whelm'd for ever in the' Ionian main:
All drench'd and shivering on the Bruttian strand,
Forlorn and pennyless, behold him stand!
Beside him cast, the Gods his vessel bore
Stretch their gigantic limbs along the shore:
While tost at random by the wild wave's force,
The shatter'd rudder checks the sea-mew's course.
Now of the turfy glebe itself impart
To pour the balm of comfort o'er his heart;
Nor let him bear his picture thro' the streets
To beg from every passenger he meets.
But your indignant heir, forsooth, will slight
Your funeral feast, if plunder'd of his right;—

Emole: quid metuas? occa, et seges altera in herba est.
Ast vocat officium: Trabe rupta, Bruttia saxa
Prêndit amicus inops; remque omnem, surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio; jacet ipse in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe Dei; jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ.—Nunc et de cespite vivo
Frange aliquid, largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
Cærulea in tabula.—*Sed cænam funeris heres*
Negliget, iratus quod rem curtaveris; urnæ

Will see your corse without a perfume burn,
And pack your bones unhonour'd to their urn;—
Will furnish cinnamon devoid of smell,
Or think that cherry-gum will serve as well.
Who that impairs his fortune, can expect
To die (you ask) *with funeral honours deck'd?*
("Such," Bestius cries, "such is the blest increase
" Of all your fine Philosophy from Greece!
" For, since these doctrines of new-fangled schools—
" This wisdom that degrades us into fools—
" These subtle tenets, common sense that mar,
" Are shipp'd with dates and pepper from afar,—
" Old homespun luxuries no longer please,
" And nothing suits but what's fetch'd over-seas;
" The very hind his hasty-pudding spoils
" With dainty sauces and with piquant oils!")
Fool! what concerns it thee, when past the grave,
Or how thy perfumes smell or heirs behave?
But thou, whoe'er would'st be my heir, draw near;
I fain would whisper something in thine ear:
Hast thou not heard the glorious news, my friend?
The' Imperial victor has vouchsafed to send

Ossa inodora dabit; seu spirent cinnama surdum,
Seu ceraso peccent casia, nescire paratus:
Tune bona incolumis minuas?—Et Bestius urget
Doctores Græcos: " Ita fit; postquam Sapere urbi
" Cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris expers,
" Fœnisecæ crasso vitiârunt unguine pultes!"
Hæc, cinere ulterior, metuas?—At tu, meus heres
Quisquis eris, paullum a turba seductior audi.
O bone! num ignoras?—Missa est a Cæsare laurus

The laurel to announce a signal blow
In which he laid the flower of Germans low.
A solemn Jubilee all Rome must keep,
And the cold ashes from her altars sweep.
Lo! high they rear triumphal arches, drest
With cloaks of frize and many a royal vest:
The spoils of warriors, the trophied car,
With all the pomp and pageantry of war,
Cæsonia marshals, ranging in a line
The giant captives from the banks of Rhine.
Know, then, that I (my gratitude to prove
To Cæsar's Genius and to favouring Jove)
Forthwith, whate'er may be the cost, engage
To bring two hundred fencers on the stage.
And who shall contradict me? dost thou dare?
Speak but the word—by Heav'n thou'rt not my heir!
Nor is this all: for know I mean to treat
The rabble with a Dole of oil and meat:
Dost thou object to what I have design'd?
Come, speak out boldly; tell me all thy mind.
Faith, your estate, if that's your mode of living,
Pick'd to the bone, will scarce be worth the giving.

Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, et aris
Frigidus excutitur cinis: ac jam postibus arma,
Jam chlamydes regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
Essedaque, ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhenos.
Dis igitur Genioque Ducis centum paria, ob res
Egregie gestas, induco. Quis vetat? auden'?
Væ, nisi connives! Oleum artocreasque popello
Largior: an prohibes? dic clare. *Non adeo* (inquis);

Prideaux
E Coll Ball

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With a horse laugh rewards you for your pains,—
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And now of age and hoary virtue sings,
And smites with loftier hand the Latian strings.
Meanwhile his friend on warm Liguria's shore
Sits listening to the distant billow's roar,
While bellying cliffs here bare their rugged side
To the rude lashings of the stormy tide;

SATIRA VI.

ADMOVIT jam bruma foco te, Basse! Sabino?
Jamne lyra et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia rerum
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ,—
Mox juvenes agitare jocos, et pollice honesto
Egregios lusisse senes!—Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare; qua latus ingens

And there the wild waves, shelter'd from the deep,
Within a spacious bay in silence sleep.
My countrymen! 'tis worth your while (I trow)
The beauties of fair Luna's port to know.
So spoke old Ennius,—so he wisely spoke,
When from Pythagoréan dreams he woke;
When doubts arose, whether great Homer's soul
Had really been transmitted sound and whole,
And, having duly thro' a peacock past,
Was come to animate himself at last.
Here am I, free from every vulgar care;
Regardless tho' the baleful blast prepare
To smite my flocks; regardless, tho' my field
A scantier crop than some proud neighbour's yield:
Nay, tho' a thousand upstarts meet my eyes,
That, propp'd by arts low as their lineage, rise,—
I scorn to fret with unavailing rage,
And stoop untimely to the yoke of age:
For this I ne'er shall sleep or sup the worse,
Or starve my belly to enrich my purse,

Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat.
Lunaï portum est operæ cognoscere, cives!
Cor jubet hoc Ennî, postquam destertuit esse
Mœonides Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Hic ego, securus vulgi, et quid præparet Auster
Infelix pecori; securus et, angulus ille
Vicini nostro quia pinguior: etsi adeo omnes
Ditescant, orti pejoribus, usque recusem
Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sine uncto,

Thrusting my nose (the wretched miser's task)
Into the bung-hole of some vapid cask.
  How different are the joys of different breasts!
What this admires and covets, that detests.
How oft, ascendant planet! mystic power,
Whose sovereign aspect rules the natal hour,
Thou look'st on Twins, in time—place—parents join'd,
Yet differing quite in temper and in mind!
This on his birth-day forced in state to dine,
Dips his dry pot-herbs in the purchased brine,
Careful himself religiously to pour
From the spare pepper-box a dribbling show'r.
A lad of mettle *that*, a jovial youth,
Squanders whole fortunes on his lickorish tooth.
For me, nor this nor that extreme I chuse,
Determined nor to hoard nor waste, but—*use*:
Neither so lavish as to throw away
On slaves and freedmen Turbot every day;
Nor of a taste so exquisitely fine
To care on Thrushes of which sex I dine.
  Go, by thy harvest only be confined;
Be bold, and grind the corn thou hast to grind.

Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.
  Discrepet his alius: geminos, Horoscope! varo
Producis Genio. Solis natalibus est qui
Tingat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta,
Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper. *Hic* bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. Utar ego, *utar*;
Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
Nec tenuem solers turdarum nôsse salivam.
  Messe tenus propria vive; et granaria (fas est)

NOTES.

1. IT has puzzled all the interpreters to find out clearly what is the meaning and object of this prologue. Indeed what Claverius says of the third verse, may be applied with truth to the whole: *Huic sane versui ironiæ species inest; verum adeo subtilis, ut mentem animi prope eludat: neque joco plane an serio agat primo adverteris.*

Even the fourth word of this prologue has afforded matter of contention. *Labra proluere* (says Casaubon) is to *drench* the lips, to take an immense draught. No, answers Autumnus, it is not to drink at all, but to bathe the lips before drinking, as horses do.—Owen goes still farther than Casaubon: "*Labra proluere* (says he) signifies to take an enormous draught: as *pleno se proluit auro*. Virg. but the self-conceited poet does more; he drinks off the whole fountain—*fonte labra proluit.*" As far as I can judge, Casaubon is right in saying that the word *proluo* is always used *cum maximo sententiæ incremento:* But he goes too far when he says, "Non negat præcise modico se haustu fontis sacri Musarum fuisse potatum." For why then does the poet so peremptorily resign Pirene in the fifth verse? The fact seems to be this: The poet merely means to disclaim in their own language burlesqued the high-flown pretensions of some would-be poets of his time.

Fonte Caballino is Ovid's *Undæ Pegasides* and Moschus's Παγασιδος κρηναι translated into the language of satire. Bishop Hall, who is fond of imitating Persius, says in the second satire of his Virgidemiarum,

—— The cool stream that took his endless name
From out the fertile hoof of winged steed.

In another passage he calls Hippocrene "the horse-hoofed well." Juvenal perhaps had this passage of Persius in his eye when he calls Pegasus *Gorgoneus caballus*. Churchill also, though with a different view, says:

Pegasus turn'd into a common Hack,
Alone I jog, &c.

2. Ovid, in his story of Phaëthon, applies the same epithet *biceps* to this famous hill; Hall also has (Sat. 2.)

—— Fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill.

The reading ought strictly to be *Parnaso* with only a single *s*. Casaubon found the word so spelt in all the oldest and best MSS. and Claverius found the same in two MSS. *diligenter collatis*. But in a matter of such little importance, I see no reason for departing from the more modern usage, especially as the same variety exists also in the Greek.

4. Pallidamque Pirenen; no doubt, so called *quia pallidos facit*; as *Pallentis grana cumini*, V. 55. Paleness was considered as characteristic of the sedentary and studious. See I. 26. III. 85. V. 62.

5. So Juvenal, Sat. VII. Ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra. Hall has almost translated this passage of Persius:

Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine
I them bequeath, whose statues wandering twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays circling around,
Their living temples likewise laurel-bound,
&c.

It were much to be wished that some competent editor would republish these excellent old satires with explanatory notes. Pope is said to have regretted that he had not seen them sooner, and actually to have begun the task of modernizing them before his death; and Gray, in one of his letters, commends them as full of spirit and poetry. Considering the refinement of the times in which they were written (about the year 1600) and the age of the author

when he wrote them (about 23), they really are wonderful compositions.

6. Ipse semipaganus, &c. Here again is a stumbling-block to all the commentators. Some understand by *paganus* here a *peasant* as opposed to a soldier, and suppose that Persius means to represent authorship as a sort of warfare in which he was himself, as it were, a freshman, or raw recruit, not yet properly drilled into the service. Others, adverting to the supposed derivation of the word (Πηγη a fountain, whence *pagus* a village, because villages were usually situated near a running stream), contend that *semipaganus* refers to the inspiring draughts of the Muses' wells, and therefore is equivalent to *half-inspired*, or *half-initiated*. Others think semipaganus means no more than semi-rusticus. With respect to the first interpretation, I think *paganus*, where it is opposed to *miles*, always has some adjunct which makes the opposition manifest, as in Juvenal's last Satire, where the whole context points out the meaning. The second interpretation of the word is wholly without authority. Upon the whole, the last seems the most probable; and without rendering the word with Dryden, "Half a clown," I conjecture the poet means to distinguish himself here from that herd of *city-bred poets* who looked up to the Ivy-crowned Busts as the ultimate object of their labours. That the word *Paganus* may mean (to use the Dictionary phrase) *of or belonging to a country village*, is evident from the lines quoted from Ovid by Claverius:

> Pagus agat festum; pagum lustrate coloni;
> Et date *paganis* annua liba focis.

7. *Sacra vatum* is like Virgil's "Quarum (i. e. Musarum) sacra fero ingenti percussus amore." Koenig absurdly enough supposes *sacra* to agree with *carmina* understood, and *affero* to be used in the sense of *addo*. But it seems to me that the words *Ipse* and *nostrum* imply something more than "For my own part I bring my verses, &c." I take them to signify, "I bring my own verses myself." The poet means in an ironical way to declare his resolution, since his claims to inspiration (and consequently to

the applauses of the public) were so small, to be the herald of his own works, and to carry them with his own hands to the sacred repository of approved works of genius. He seems to insinuate that something of the same kind had been done by others, perhaps by Nero. Horace has a passage which, I think, throws some light upon the subject. After professing his abhorrence of recitation in public, &c. he cries out,

——— Beatus Fannius, ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine!

How different, Fannius, is my fate from thine!
Thy bust and books adorn Apollo's shrine,
Borne *gratis* by the world.

Upon which passage the old scholiast remarks that this Fannius was a paltry scribbler of satires, and, as he had no children to inherit his fortune, the officious Testament-hunters volunteered the carrying of his bust and writings to the public library dedicated to Apollo. The above interpretation of this passage of my author is, I believe, new; and I offer it with diffidence, well knowing how extremely apt we all are to refine in these matters, and to find 'such meanings as were never meant.'—

10. Magister artis, &c. So B. Johnson, in his Aplogetical Dialogue,

——— Spit out a better poem
Than e'er the master of art and giver of wit—
Their belly, made.

Some have ridiculously enough supposed that Persius here means to acknowledge that he wrote from pecuniary motives, like Horace when he says, Paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem. But Persius, it must be remembered, was a man of some rank and of independent fortune; while Horace was (as he styles himself) pauperum sanguis parentum. What he means to insinuate is this: that those poets before-mentioned as having their busts crowned with ivy, however they might pretend to inspiration, were in fact urged by no higher call than that of hunger. And this among

other things may lead us to suspect that Persius, in what follows, had not Nero's poetry so exclusively in his eye as some would endeavour to persuade us. He probably glances here at Labeo or some other despicable scribblers of his time, who wrote solely with a view of ingratiating themselves with the rich and powerful, and partaking of the luxuries of their tables.

14. Cantare credas Pegaseïum nectar. All in irony, like the feats and accomplishments assigned by Juvenal to his *Græculus esuriens*, where things are spoken of as actually done which were only affected to be done. *Nectar* beyond all doubt is the right reading, and *Melos* the gloss. Horace has (B. I. Ep. xix. 44.) Poëtica mella. Claverius cites much harsher metaphors than this; as Ῥοδα μ' ἐιρηκας from Aristophanes, and *Lapides loqueris* from Plautus. See Koenig's note.

NOTES ON SAT. I.

1. Scarcely any two commentators agree in the arrangement of this little introductory dialogue between the Poet and his *quem ex adverso dicere fecit*, some assigning to the satirist himself what others put into the mouth of the imaginary objector. The first verse is manifestly a sudden exclamation of the Poet suggested by reflecting upon the impertinent ambition of the scribblers of his time. The second verse, if we may credit the old Scholiast, is borrowed from Lucilius. This idea of introducing a friend dissuading the author from publishing, has been a fertile field for subsequent satirists; nor does Persius yield to any of them in conducting the dialogue (so far as it extends) with spirit. Perhaps, however, Horace ought to have the credit of first starting the plan in his dialogue with Trebatius. I will just add that Persius by no means keeps up a regular dialogue throughout this satire with the

same imaginary monitor. A new personage is introduced, v. 24 and 28. And he shifts his *personæ dramatis* as occasion requires.

3. Vel duo vel nemo—equivalent to the Greek expressions ἢ ὀλιγοι ἢ οὐδεις, ἢ τις ἢ ουδεις (used, as Casaubon has fully shewn, quoties summam raritatem indicare volunt). In English we should say, *Few or none.* The word *Nemo* is repeated emphatically in v. 2, as it is likewise in Sat. IV. 22. Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!—

4. Polydamas et Troïades—These words designate, according to the commentators, Nero and his effeminate courtiers. But I see no reason for tying down the meaning so closely, or for supposing any thing more to be meant than the *Town-Critics* in general. The passage in Homer, here alluded to, is Il. xxii. 100—105, where Hector anxiously apprehends the censure of Polydamas and of the Trojan matrons; and it seems to have past into a proverbial quotation. The passage is applied by Cicero, on various occasions in his epistles to Atticus: See B. 2. Ep. 5; B. 7. Ep. 1, 2; B. 8. Ep. 25; and B. 13. Ep. 13. according to Mongault's arrangement. The allusion, as it is here introduced, carries with it an additional spice of humour, because this Attius Labeo, of whom mention is again made in the 4th and 50th verses of this Satire, had translated the Iliad and Odyssey word for word, *ridiculously enough* (says the old Scholiast) *as he attended to the words rather than the sense.* He rendered Il. iv. 35.

Ὦμον βεβρωθοις Πριαμον Πριαμοιο τε παιδας·

Crudum manduces Priamum Priamique pisinnos.

Much in the same manner as if an English translator of Homer should say:

——————————— with monstrous maw
Thou'dst eat old Priam and his young ones raw.

6. Elevet. This word sometimes means praise, sometimes dispraise; but here I rather think it signifies merely to *lift* the scales, to weigh in a pair of scales, σταθμᾶσθαι. It is perhaps worth ob-

serving that the English word 'to *elevate*' is used by Hooker B. V. Sect. 60.) in the sense of 'to *depreciate*,' as it now is for 'to *extol*.' As for the words *trutina*, *examen*, *castigare*, see Casaubon's learned note, and that of the old Scholiast, which Owen has well comprest thus; "*Examen* is the tongue of the balance; *Trutina* is "the cavity or nut in which it plays; and *Castigare* is to strike the beam with the hand, in order to try its accuracy." The metaphor of the balance is similarly applied by Horace:

——————— Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina?

Butler also has;

If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance.

9. Some commentators think that by *canitiem* and *vivere triste* Persius means his own grey-headedness and severe mode of life, and Koenig is of that opinion. The passage certainly is exprest with awkward ambiguity. But I cannot help thinking that, taken in the sense which I have adopted in the translation, and which Casaubon adopts, the difficulties attending it are by far the least, while the satiric spirit is infinitely higher. The reference is to the solemn mockeries of recitation described afterwards: See particularly v. 22.—Quintilian cites this line, B. ix. Chap. 3. Est figura et in . . . . . mutatione partium, ut in Satira, "Et nostrum istud vivere triste aspexi," cum infinito verbo sit usus pro appellatione: *nostram* enim *vitam* vult intelligi.

23. I have expanded the sense in my translation, and I could have wished my author had been himself a little more explicit. The similar passage adduced by Casaubon from Horace, B. 2. S. v. 96, certainly makes the general meaning of this line evident: Tiresias there recommending Ulysses to pay court to the rich man, says,

Importunus amat laudari? Donec OHE! jam
Ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge, et
Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.

But how quaint are the expressions *Auriculis quibus dicas*, and *cute perditus!* Alas! I fear that, in comparing the merits of the two Satirists in this instance, we must

——————— yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Persius to more smooth Horáce.

25. Bishop Hall has closely imitated this passage in his sixth book:

And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
.....
Forth, ye fine wits, and rush into the presse!

27. In iisdem sententiis crebrioribus mutata declinationibus iteratione verborum: ut apud Persium, *Usque adeone*, &c. Quintil. B. 9. Chap. iii. § 42. The verse itself is said by the Scholiast to be imitated from one in Lucilius which contains a similar jingle. Churchill seems to have copied from Persius here:

Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.

Persius has another jingling line, iii. 84. In both instances it is the expression of *contempt* which gives them their propriety.

28. So Hor. Quod monstror digito prætereuntium. B. 4. Od. 3 But it does not follow from coincidences of this sort that Persius was *imitating* Horace, any more than that Churchill was imitating Persius, when he says,

——————— To have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry—*That's he!*

29. A common piece of ambition among the poetasters of those times. So Hor. B. 1. S. x. 74.

——————— An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?

31. Quid dia poëmata narrent. Some copies read *Qui* instead of *Quid*, perhaps with advantage to the sense. The next word beginning with a *D* might produce the error.

36. Nunc non cinis, &c. i. e. Shall not the very ashes of that poet rest easier for having his compositions thus recited and thus applauded? All this is spoken ironically by the poet himself. So Virg. Ecl. x. 33.

——— O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!

As to the Phyllidas and Hypsipylas, see Ovid. Heroid. II. and VI.

51. The white species of Hellebore, called Veratrum, produced vomitings: the black was taken as a purge. "Utriusque (says Erasmus) periculosa sumptio; sed albi, ut præstantior, ita periculosior. Quod ipsum tamen adeo vulgatum esse cœpit, ut plerique studiorum gratia ad pervidenda acrius quæ commentabantur, sæpius sumptitaverint. Nominatim autem Carneades Academicus, scripturus adversum Stoici Zenonis libros, candido elleboro superiora corporis purgare solitus legitur, ne quid ex corruptis in stomacho humoribus ad domicilia usque animi redundaret, et instantiam vigoremque mentis labefaceret." Both kinds were considered a remedy for madness and melancholy.

53. The epithet *Citreis* expresses more than it may seem at first sight; for it denotes these couches to have belonged to the rich and luxurious. Citron wood was in the highest esteem among the Romans. The next in estimation was *maple*, at least for Tables. See Hor. B. 2. Sat. viii. 10.

What follows the word *Citreis*, will remind the learned reader of Hor. B. 1. Ep. xix. 38. Impensis cœnarum et tritæ munere vestis.

58. Ciconia. This alludes to a species of mockery in which the fingers were collected to a point, and moved up and down, so as to resemble the pecking of a Stork's bill.

69. The humour of this passage, from v. 69 to 75, is almost lost to us from not knowing the particular poem which is the subject of his ridicule. I make no doubt the lines printed in Italics are a quotation from some fashionable poem of the times, descriptive of the country and its employments. The three last verses from *Unde Remus* down to *Lictor tulit*, are the *heröes sensus* which Persius laughs at, and justly too, if they were lugged in immediately after the *Corbes et focus et porci.*

72. Palilia. The Scholiast thus explains the nature of these rustic ceremonies: a heap of stubble and straw was set on fire, and the peasants jumped over it, fancying that they derived a degree of purification from the act. Propertius alludes to the same rustic ceremony, and Casaubon shows that a similar custom prevailed among the earlier Christians. The reader is referred to Casaubon's note, which presents a striking instance of what has often been observed in other instances, namely, that the heathens, when converted to Christianity, still retained many of their old customs and anniversaries with a little diversity in their application. Not unlike to this Roman play were the old Athenian gambols described by Virgil, Georg. ii. 384. in which they danced upon greasy goat-skins, in honour of Bacchus.

——————— Inter pocula læti
Mollibus in pratis unctos saliere per utres.

78. Antiopa. This tragedy of Pacuvius was a pretty close translation from one of Euripides, concerning which consult Valckenaer's Diatribe in Eurip. perd. dram. reliq. C. 7, 8. See also Cicero de Fin. c. 2, where the Antiopa of Pacuvius seems to be classed among the 'Fabellas Latinas ad verbum de Græcis expressas.' Hence it probably had no small portion of that quaintness of exotic idiom which is so common to verbal translations; and hence also we may discern the chain of ideas which led our poet from mentioning the *Nugari solitos Græce* to expose next the absurdities of those who recommended their sons to form their style on the model of the older Roman poets, Pacuvius, Accius, &c.

I believe that in all countries the rage for imitating the simple but rugged coarseness of early antiquity, and assuming its obsolete language, has ever been a mark of declining taste. And it is natural that this should be the case. It is not until we are past the acmé of judicious refinement, and advanced to elaborate splendour, that we begin to revert to the songs of other times, and affect that simplicity which in the earlier models was natural. Quære—if this be true, whether the rage for reading and writing poems composed on the model of our old Ballads (whatever merit those poems may have in themselves) be not a mark of declining taste in England at present, and whether we may not say with Persius, *Hos pueris monitus*, &c.? But to return—The words following Antiopa (v. 78) are probably the Poet's own, but intended to ridicule the obsolete style. *Luctificabile* is a word of a very antique cast; and Ærumna is reckoned by Quintilian (who wrote not many years after our author) among the expressions which were out of date in his time. *Ærumna* (he asks) quid opus est? tanquam parum sit si dicatur *labor*. With respect to the word *fulta*, I follow Casaubon, who, after admitting that *fulcire* properly signifies 'to support or prop up,' adds: Pacuvius vero *ærumnis fulcire* pro *cingi undique et septiri* posuit.

81. *Dedecus* is used in a similar manner by Juvenal, S. viii. 200.

82. *Subsellia* are commonly thought to mean here the benches on which the audience sat at the recitals of the poets. But are they not rather the benches upon which the Knights sat as *Judices* at public trials? The word taken in this sense seems to suggest what follows, and thus softens the abruptness of the transition from poets to pleaders.

87. *Hoc bellum* is usually put into the mouth of the Poet himself, as if he repeated the words of the admiring audience with indignation. But it seems to me far more natural to consider them as a part of the acclamations of applause: 'How beautiful is this! how exquisite is that!' Then the Poet breaks forth—*Ain, Romule!*

ceves?—'What—can *you*, who boast yourself descended from the oldest families of Rome, allow yourself to be *tickled* with such stuff as this?'—so Juvenal, in his second Satire, addressing Mars, cries out:

——————————— Unde
Hæc tetigit, Gradive! tuos *urtica* nepotes?

88, 89. Street-beggars who had suffered ship-wreck, used to endeavour to excite compassion by carrying about on their shoulders a painted representation of the perils which they had escaped. What makes the allusion here more applicable is, that a picture was also sometimes introduced in judiciary pleadings by the ancients. See Quintil. B. vi. C. 1. It is singular that, in modern times, the picture has given place to the song: *Cantat naufragus.*

92. Sed numeris, &c. i. e. But in our verse too, now-a-days, not only nonsense is imposed upon us for poetry, but an attempt is made to superadd grace of diction (decor) and harmony of versification (junctura). That such is *here* the force of the word *junctura* is evident from what follows.

93. Berecynthius Attys, &c. Casaubon supposes that the principal fault which Persius finds in these verses, as well as in the four which follow afterwards (Torva Mimalloneis, &c.) is the affectation of rhyme in them; and, to account the better for the first quoted lines, he changes *Attys* into *Attin*, which alteration indeed Scaliger had, he informs us, already proposed. He conceives that there are six rhymes which offended the ear of Persius, viz. 1. Attin—Delphin; 2. longo—Appennino; 3. Mimalloneis—bombis; 4. vitulo—superbo; 5. bombis—corymbis; 6. superbo—echo. Now the first of these arises confessedly from an arbitrary alteration of the text, and therefore may be thrown out of the question. As for the two last, I can scarcely think that syllables partially similar at the distance of two whole lines, could offend any Roman ear. It remains then to consider the 2d, 3d, and 4th rhymes, which, in so much as they conduce to that affectedly soft

flow of verse which Persius reprobates, are perhaps in part an object of his ridicule—but no farther. I am led to draw this conclusion from several considerations.

In the first place, is it likely that Persius would ridicule a fault which he himself commits in the same breath? Yet he scruples not to say,

Quidnam igitur tenerUM et laxa cervice legendUM?

At the beginning of the third Satire the reader will find no fewer than three verses in succession, each of which has its middle rhyming to its end.

Secondly, a partial agreement of sound in the middle and end of the same verse, or even in the terminations of two contiguous verses, is so common in the best poets, that it can scarcely be supposed to have drawn down upon itself alone the wrath of our Satirist. Casaubon himself has adduced several instances from Homer and Virgil. Horace has more than one instance of even dissyllabic rhymes occurring in contiguous verses:

——————————— Horum
Semper ego optârim pauperrimus esse bonorum.

——————————— Dulcia sunto,
Et, quocunque volunt, animum auditoris agunto.

This, however, may be pardonable in the Musa pedestris of Satire. But what will be said of the following verse of Moschus, which is completely *monkish?*

Ὑστερον αὐ ζωοντι, και εἰς ἑτος ἀλλο φυοντι.

But thirdly, what decides the question is this: Quintilian (ix. 4.) talking of some who found fault with Cicero for closing a sentence with the word *Balneatori*, adds the following remark: "Est in eo quoque nonnihil, quod hic *singulis verbis bini pedes continentur, quod etiam in carminibus est effœmolle:* nec solum ubi quinæ syllabæ nectuntur (ut in his, *Fortissima Tyndaridarum*), sed etiam ubi quaternæ, cum versus clauditur *Appennino*, et *Armamentis*, et *Oriona*. Quare hoc quoque vitandum est, ne plurium syllabarum verbis utamur in fine." It was therefore not the rhyme, but the affected

delicacy of modulation, which offended Quintilian in the line *Sic costam, &c.* Whence we may fairly conclude that it was the same quality both in this verse and in the rest which are quoted in conjunction with it, which more particularly offended Persius. But though the principal fault of them is that the movement of the metre is affectedly artificial, it is evident that what makes this the more disgusting is the mixture of strained metaphor, bombastic thoughts, and quaint phraseology.

The line 'Sic costam longo subduximus Appennino' is probably part of a passage descriptive of a march over the Apennine mountains. A ridge of hills is in Latin often called *dorsum, a back;* as the word is applied to a rock in Virgil—*Dorsum immane mari summo.* Hence a part of such a ridge is here called a *rib.* As for *subduximus,* the metaphor is similar to that in the English expression *to gain a hill;* Spelman, I think, mentions some translator of Xenophon's Expedition of Cyrus, who keeping strictly to the letter of his original, renders a passage in some such way as this—*we stole the hill by night.*

96. This and the following line are certainly very obscure. In the translation I have supposed both of them to be spoken by the Satirist himself in his usual tone of irony. Others put the mark of interrogation at the end of the first line, and represent the second as the answer. To confess the truth I do not know what to make of the two lines altogether: I can only say that the sense in which I have taken them, seems the least harsh of any which I have seen proposed. A German quoted in Koenig's notes seems to have the sole credit of having interpreted both lines in such a way as to make them absolutely unintelligible.

104. Summa delumbe saliva, &c. An anonymous translator of Persius conceives this to contain an obscene allusion, and illustrates it by I know not what quotations of a similar description. I cannot see any occasion for any such supposition. What is more common in our own language than to designate a weak and silly composition by the term *drivel,* as being the usual concomitant of imbecility of intel-

lect in a state of infancy or dotage? The story of Pentheus torn in pieces by Agave and her sister Bacchants, alluded to in the ridiculous lines, *Torva mimalloneis*, &c., is entertainingly told by Ovid in his Metamorphoses. It appears from a passage in Dio, that Nero sang some poem on the subject of Atys and the Bacchants, accompanied by the lyre, whence arose the mistaken notion that the verses here quoted were composed by him.

107, 108, 109. Teneras auriculas,—like Horace's *molles auricula*, B. 2. S. v. 32. Videsis ne majorum, &c. is likewise parallel to Horace's Majorum ne quis amicus Frigore te feriat, B. 2. S. I. 61. The words 'sonat hic de nare canina Littera' meaning the letter R, was copied from Lucilius, who in one of the fragments of his extant calls it

Irritata canis quod, Homo quam, planiu' dicit.

"That letter which a growling bitch can pronounce more distinctly than man."

110. Per me equidem, &c. One of the most witty passages in Persius, and which Boileau has thought worthy of imitation; Sat. ix. 287.

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de stile;
Je le declare donc, Quinaut est un Virgile.
Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru,
Pelletier ecrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru.
Cotin a ses sermons trainant toute la terre
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

Pope has imitated one or both, Ep. to the Satires, Dial. II. 128.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
&c.

Upon which passage Dr. Warton in his notes, after pronouncing it a most happy imitation of Persius and Boileau, adds that Pope however has plainly the superiority by the artful and ironical compli-

ments paid to his friends. With the utmost deference to a critic of such acknowledged taste and erudition, I must confess that I do not perceive the superiority itself which he mentions, and much less can I conceive how the mere circumstance of the complimentary turn which Pope gives to this piece of irony makes him superior here to either of his models, supposing (which however is very doubtful) that Persius was at all in his eye.

114. Horace, like our poet, supports his pretensions to satire on the precedent of Lucilius, B. 2. S. 1. 62. Boileau has copied from both in his ninth Satire, v. 275. C'est ainsi que Lucile, &c.

115. Dentes genuini sunt omnium reconditissimi ac propemodum operti gingiva. Erasmi Adagia. Horace says of Lucilius, Primores populi *arripuit*, &c. The word arripio means to *snap at* like a dog. Hence Persius caught his image, and as usual overstrains it.

118. The usual reading is 'Callidus *excusso*, &c.' In the first printed edition of Erasmus's Adagies, I find the passage quoted as printed in the text, *exterso* (fol. 1533. p. 271.); And, as the new reading appears much preferable to the other, I have ventured to adopt it. *Emuncto* would have been the more obvious term, and on that very account was the least likely to be used by Persius.

120. This allusion to the well-known story of Midas and his barber is similarly applied by Boileau in his ninth Satire, v. 122.

J'irai creuser la terre, et, comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le roi Midas, a les oreilles d'âne.

Mr. Owen observes that Pope has a similar passage:

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass;—
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass.

But Pope probably borrowed the idea immediately from Boileau. Perhaps what Horace says of Lucilius, B. 2. S. 1. 30.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris—

first suggested to Persius this witty allusion.

123. There is a strong resemblance between what follows and the conclusion of the last satire of the first Book of Horace; where he informs us whom he is, and whom he is not, ambitious of pleasing. Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes were the principal writers of what is called the Old Greek Comedy, in which (as in some of Foote's Farces) individuals were *taken off* upon the stage, and openly made the object of the grossest ridicule. It may be useful to the unlearned reader, and I hope not unpleasing to the learned one, to insert here an extract from the beginning of the fourth Satire of the first book of Horace, as I have attempted to translate it.

Cratinus, Eupolis, and some few more
Who trod the comic stage in days of yore,
Was there a knave or scoundrel of their time,
Rake, ruffian, thief—whatever were his crime,
On him their honest indignation hurl'd,
And lash'd with freedom a licentious world
Close to their steps and studious of their fame,
His numbers different—but his scope the same,
Lucilius follow'd, skill'd in taunts severe
To point at vice the ridiculing jeer.
Yet, with address and pleasantry enough,
His style was awkward and his verses rough:
For all his pride unhappily was placed
In this—that, what he wrote, he wrote with haste;
And had, while standing on one foot, the power
To spin his lines two hundred to the hour.

By the *prægrandis senex* is meant Aristophanes, who is so called not in reference to his time of life, but to the times in which he lived. In like manner Horace calls Lucilius *senex*, B. 2. S. 1. 30. That is, as the commentators rightly observe, *sæculo senex, non ætate.*

126. Inde vaporata, &c. This has been thought to be a metaphor borrowed from medical fomentations applied to the ears. I rather think it alludes to the mode of inspiration attributed to some of the ancient oracular temples, namely, by vapours issuing from a

cavern. There is a very fine allusion of the same kind in a passage of Longinus which is well worth the transcribing.

Πολλοι γαρ ἀλλοτριῳ θεοφορουνται πνευματι, τον αὐτον τροπον ὁν και την Πυθιαν λογος ἐχει, τριποδι πλησιαζουσαν (ἐνθα 'ΡΗΓΜ' 'ΕΣΤΙ ΓΗΣ 'ΑΝΑΠΝΕΟΝ, ὡς φασιν, 'ΑΤΜΟΝ 'ΕΝΘΕΟΝ), αὐτοθεν ἐγκυμονα της δαιμονιου καθισταμενην δυναμεως, παραυτικα χρησμῳδειν κατ' ἐπιπνοιαν· οὑτως ἀπο της των ἀρχαιων μεγαλοφυϊας εἰς τας των ζηλουντων ἐκεινους ψυχας, ὡς ἀπο ἱερων στομιων, ἀποῤῥοιαι τινες φερονται, ὑφ' ὡν ἐπιπνεομενοι, και οἱ μη λιαν φοιβαστικοι, τῳ ἑτερων συνενθουσιωσι μεγεθει. C. xi. Sect. 13.

"Many a writer has been animated with the spirit of another; in the same manner as, it is said, the Pythian priestess when she mounts the Tripod (where, as the poet says,

'Inspiring vapours from the cleft arise')

is instantaneously impregnated with the divine influence, and pours forth her predictions as the God suggests them. So from the sublime specimens of genius left us by the antients, as from those hallowed orifices above-mentioned, certain currents of inspiration are wafted into the souls of their followers, by whose energy some writers, who have no great elevation of thought to boast of in themselves, are nevertheless actuated till they catch a considerable portion of the fire and fervour of their originals."

In endeavouring to do justice to this brilliant but somewhat elaborate writer in the translation of the above passage, I feel the force of his own observation and long for a *whiff* of that *inspiring steam*, that 'Ατμος ἐνθεος, which he talks of.

128. Lusco qui poscit, &c. Some commentators suppose this to be a stroke at Nero, and my immediate predecessor in the task of translating Persius, has cited a passage from Suetonius, in which mention is made of a poem of Nero's incribed *Luscio*. This certainly must *give us pause*. But when I consider the whole passage of Persius in relation to what precedes and follows it, I cannot see how the supposition is admissible. How can *sese aliquem credens*, &c,

which words are evidently a continuation of the former, be applied to Nero? In what imaginable sense can a Roman Emperor be the same with an Edile of a petty borough? I will not be confident—but when I consider these two lines,

> Non hic qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,
> Sordidus; et lusco qui poscit dicere, Lusce!

the latter appears to me to be merely an illustration or amplification of the former; and the poet seems to intimate that to ridicule the *crepidas Graiorum*, the peculiarities of a foreigner's dress, was as mean and void of feeling as to insult a man for his natural and personal deformities.

130. *Arreti Ædilis.* A petty bailiff or mayor of the municipal towns, who superintended weights and measures, the provisions of the markets, the roads, the theatres, &c. Horace in his journey to Brundusium met with a similar great little man, 'puff'd with a little brief authority;' and Juvenal is perpetually ridiculing them. In the Italian villages (says Mr. Gifford, Juv. p. 334.) they still exist under the name of *Podestas*, and are as ragged and consequential as ever.

131. *Abacus*—a numerical board. The nature of this *tangible arithmetic* of the antients is described in Holiday's note, to which I must refer the reader. With respect to the *secto in pulvere metas*, meta (say the commentators) is a boundary; and a line is the boundary of a surface; therefore *Meta* may signify a line. This appears to me a most 'lame and impotent conclusion.' Meta in its original and strict acceptation is any thing in the shape of an upright cone, a figure which occurs more frequently than any other in the diagrams of the antient mathematicians. But Meta also signifies the goal in a race-ground, because it was set up in the shape above-described. Consequently nothing was more natural than for a person who wished to speak contemptuously of mathematicians, to call the cones which they described in the sand *Metæ*, fetching his ideas from the most obvious object to which they bore a resemblance.

A bold translator might render the word by *Pot-hooks and Ladles;* Nobis non licet esse tam disertis.

134. Notwithstanding what has been urged to prove that the *Placart* or Bill affixed in public to announce the evening's entertainment is here meant, I cannot without stronger proofs, believe that the word *Edictum*, standing thus by itself, would convey any other idea to Roman ears than the Prætor's edict, which indeed appears to form a very proper line of reading for the self-complacent gentlemen alluded to in v. 129, 130. Calliroe I suppose to be the title of some paltry love-tale or tragedy of the times. Others take it to be the name of some noted courtezan. But the mention of another lady of the same description in the line immediately preceding, makes this interpretation the less probable. Besides, the general tenor of the concluding part of this satire makes against it. Persius is here telling us whom he would have for his readers, and whom not. Let not *him* be my reader (he cries) who can find a pleasure in laughing at the slipper of the Greek philosopher (which being a national peculiarity of dress is as little the object of just ridicule as personal deformity), thinking highly of himself, because forsooth as bailiff of some petty borough he has the privilege of breaking false measures;—nor *him* (the poet goes on to say) who with conceited flippancy ridicules the mathematician's calculations and diagrams, and thinks it an excellent joke if some pert street-walker pulls the Cynic by the beard. To such fools, thus consequentially frivolous, and full of their own petty importance, I should recommend, in preference to my satires, the Prætor's edict for their morning study, and for their after-dinner's task the pages of Calliroe.

There is an old Greek romance, intituled the Loves of Chœreas and Calliroe, said to be written by one Chariton, of whom nothing is known. The work itself is supposed to have been produced toward the end of the fourth century, and is (according to the account of those who have read it) very wretched stuff. Who knows but this was borrowed, in part at least, or translated into Greek, from some older work of the same kind in Latin, to which Persius al-

ludes ?—Those who wish to know more of this old novel, may find a translation of the work reviewed in one of the early volumes of the Critical Review.

NOTES ON SAT. II.

1. Meliore lapillo: literally, record this day with a lucky stone, that is, a white one. So Martial, assuring a friend that his birth-day was as dear to him as his own, says:

> Felix utraque lux, diesque nobis
> Signandi *melioribus lapillis*.

In another epigram, written on the return of a friend, he says:

> ——————————hanc lucem *lactea gemma* notet.

In another, wishing to express his opinion that his happy days had exceeded in number his gloomy ones, he proceeds thus:

> ——Si calculus omnis huc et illuc
> Diversus bicolorque digeratur,
> Vincet candida turba nigriorem.

The phrase was proverbial among the Romans, and alluded to a custom of the Thracians or Scythians, or (which is very probable) of both. That the Romans ever actually reckoned their happy or unhappy days in this manner, can by no means be inferred. Though I am decidedly averse from that lax principle of translation which some have laid down, viz. that every allusion, not exactly congenial with modern ideas, may be discarded or changed for another more obvious, yet in the present instance the quaintness arising from verbal fidelity would have impaired the effect of what in the original is not an ungraceful introduction of the subject. The third and fourth lines I have taken the liberty of expanding considerably, to avoid too much abruptness.

5. Seneca in one of his epistles has treated the same subject and in a very similar manner. " Pray to God (says he) for a sound understanding; for health, first of the mind, and then of the body. There can be no objection to such prayers, however often repeated; for that man is no longer a slave to his passions, who has learned to ask of God nothing but what he can ask before the whole world. But what infatuation do we see in some people! They whisper to the Gods the basest petitions. If any one listen, they instantly leave off. Thus, what they are ashamed to let their fellow-creatures hear, they make no scruple of addressing to the Deity. Be it your care, my friend, so to live with mankind as if God saw you,—so to converse with God as if all mankind overheard you."

10. Ebulliat. Some read *ebullet* as if from *ebullo* a word unknown to the Latin language: others *ebullit* contracted for *ebullierit*, a very unusual sort of contraction, to say the best of it. Among the various readings collected from the MSS. by Fülleborn and prefixed to his German translation, I find *Ebulliat*, which is probably the right reading. The letter I coalesces here with the following vowel so as to form but one syllable, and performs the office of a consonant like the letter Y in *You*. So *Pariete* is made a Dactyl in Virgil, and *Fluviorum* consists of three long syllables. The letter U was in like manner used occasionally as a consonant like our W. Thus, in Persius Sat. V. 93, *Tenuia* is a Dactyl, and in Ovid's Metamorphoses, iv. 225, *Paruerunt* consists of three long syllables. With regard to the meaning of the word *Ebulliat*, to *bubble forth*, it is said of the accomplishment of any event long and anxiously expected. Thus Æschylus in his tragedy of the Seven Chiefs, Ἐξεζεσεν γαρ Οἰδιπου κατευγματα, the curses of Œdipus have reached their destined end. Many of the commentators and translators have mistaken the meaning of *præclarum* here, supposing it to intimate the pomp and splendour of the funeral of the uncle; whereas the word is used here and elsewhere to express a longing wish after some future event. Thus Cicero begins his fine apostrophe at the end of his Dialogue *de Senectute*—O præclarum diem! &c. But see and compare the notes of Casaubon and Autumnus.

12. Dextro Hercule. Hercules, as well as Mercury, was esteemed the deity that presided over *windfalls* or accidental gain. See Hor. L. 2. Sat. v. 49. and vi. 12.

13. Impello—to follow close at the heels of any one—to urge him forward—and hence sometimes to *displace*, as in the 59th verse of this very satire, Aurum impulit æra. *Expungam* is evidently an allusion to the custom of erasing the name of him whose office devolves to another.

14. Servius and some modern commentators on Persius understand *ducitur* as equivalent with *effertur in sepulturam*; for what reason I cannot see, since to marry a third wife implies the death of two former ones, Brewster has not only mistaken his author's meaning in this line, but has absolutely burlesqued him:

> One everlasting wife sticks close by me,
> While neighbour Nerius has disposed of three!

I can see no necessity for supposing that the gentleman who now speaks wished to *dispose of* his wife at all. It is merely one of his devotional inuendos: It is very hard (says he) if I may not be favoured with the death of my rich ward, when Nerius has been lucky enough to bury two wives, and having enriched himself with their portions was now about to marry a third. Martial has an epigram addressed to one who had been a vast deal more fortunate than this Nerius:

> Septima jam, Phileros, tibi conditur uxor in agro:
> Plus nulli, Phileros, quam tibi reddit ager.

> Sev'n portion'd dames of noble birth
> Has Phileros consign'd to earth:
> Be thankful, Phileros!—for few
> Reap from that earth such crops as you.

15. For the expression 'impiously devout' I am indebted to Dryden. Tiberino in gurgite, &c. is like Horace's Nudus in Tiberi stabit, l. 2. Sat. iii. 291. See also Juv. vi. 521.

22. I agree with Koenig in rejecting the authority of the old

Scholiast who would have this Staius to be the same with *Staienus*, a corrupt judge of Cicero's time. Besides the difference in the orthography of the names, it is not agreeable with Persius's usual manner to go back to past times for objects of satire which no doubt presented themselves in abundance among his contemporaries.

What follows resembles Horace, L. 1. Sat. ii. 18.

——————*Maxime* quis non
Jupiter exclamet, simul atque audivit?

27. Bidental. I cannot do better than transcribe Brewster's note on this word. "When any person was struck dead with lightning, immediately the priest (Aliquis senior qui publica fulmina condit, Juv. Sat. 6.) came and buried the body, inclosed the place, and erecting there an altar, sacrificed on it two sheep (he should have said a *two-teethed sheep*) by way of expiation. Hence the word *Bidental* is by authors applied indifferently to the sacrifice, to the place, or to the person." *Ergenna* is (we know from its termination) a Tuscan name, and Livy informs us that the earlier Romans borrowed their religious rites from Etruria. With respect to these *Bidentals* Mr. Drummond asks: "was there any sign upon the altar which showed that it was a place which might not be approached? Was there any thing in the form of the tomb or in the sculpture of the altar which indicated that the traveller must turn aside?" In turning over the pages of an old Critical Review I think I have met with something which will serve as an answer, at least in a small degree, to these queries. Among the inscriptions at Nismes mentioned by Pownal in his Antiquities of antient Gaul, there is the following curious inscription on a stone: FULGUR DIVOM CONDITUM. It appears to have been part of an altar, which was perforated so that the sacred spot remained open to the heavens. Thus we see there *was* something in the shape of the altar which expressed the sanctity of the spot, and said, Pueri, sacer est locus; extra meiite!

35. So Hector first kissed and dandled in his arms (κυσε παλε τε χειρσιν) the little Astyanax, before he prayed to the Gods in his behalf. The word παλλω in Greek, like *quatio* or *quasso* in Latin,

seems to answer exactly to our word *to dandle*. Euripides in his Hecuba, v. 1148. has Τεκν' ἐν χτεροιν ἐπαλλον. The prayers of the *Matertera* which follow will recal to the reader's memory, the similar petitions put up at Edwin's birth in Beattie's Minstrel:

'The Gossip's prayer for wealth and wit and worth.'

38. Quicquid calcaverit, &c. So Butler makes the feet of Hudibras's mistress

——————— set
The primrose and the violet.

Part II. Canto I. 571.

40. Albata. Here we see *white* was the dress of supplication. In the 5th satire, v. 177. we find it mentioned as the dress worn by candidates when soliciting for votes. In Sat. i. 16. the poet wears *white* at his recitation; for I can by no means think with Casaubon that *albus* there means *pallidus*. Lastly in Sat. v. 33. we find that the gown or toga was a white one which youths took up instead of the Prætexta.

42. Grandes patinæ—like Horace's Grandes rhombi patinæque, L. 2. Sat. ii. 95.

54. This line is variously read and variously explained. Koenig agrees with Bentley in interpreting *lætari prætrepidum*, properans lætari or pronum in lætitiam, which seems a very harsh kind of construction at best. Casaubon takes lætari as the Historic infinitive, which is not much better. *Guttas* is understood by some to mean drops of sweat; by others, tears. Lastly, lævo pectore is explained by some as the left side of the breast; by others, metaphorically 'your infatuate breast;' like Virgil's Si mens non læva fuisset. The reader will please to decide for himself as to these momentous points. The construction would be vastly easier and more natural, if we might read the passage thus:

——————Sudes, et pectore lævo
Excutiat guttas lætanti prætrepidum cor;
or,
Excutiens guttas læteris prætrepidum cor.
or,
Excutiens guttas lætetur prætrepidum cor.

55. Auro ovato. So Hor. L. 2. Ep. 1. *Captivum* portatur ebur.

56. Fratres ahenos—the fifty sons of Ægyptus, whose statues carved in brass were placed in the portico of the Palatine temple of Apollo.

57. So Hor. L. 2. Sat. 1. 33. Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera.

63. A sentiment similar to this occurs in the 50th Psalm: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." With respect to the expression *scelerata pulpa*, it is borrowed from the stoic school. So Arriani Epict. B. 1. C. 3. "For what am I? a poor contemptible man with this miserable flesh of mine." Again, B. 11. C. 1. "This paltry flesh is sometimes affected by harsh, sometimes by smooth impressions."

65. The word *vitiare* is used for an infusion or mixture of different ingredients, and usually in a bad sense. So Sat vi. 40. vitiârunt unguine pultes: and Hor. B. 2. Sat. 1. 56. vitiato melle cicuta.

70. Dryden has a singular refinement on this verse. He supposes that the resemblance alluded to is this: that, as covetous men present golden ornaments to the Gods in hope of gold in return, so young women present their dolls to Venus 'in hope of girls and boys.' Persius has now and then a puerile conceit; but this I apprehend is very unjustly fathered upon him.

75. *Litare* is to perform a sacrifice in such a manner as to prevail upon the Gods to grant the prayer which accompanies it: as in Sat. v. 120, sed nullo thure litabis, &c.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the concluding lines of this satire contain the purest ideas of an acceptable service to the Father of Spirits, laid down in the most impressive language. Horace has a similar sentiment, but by no means so forcibly expressed, B. iii. Od. 23. Mr. Drummond justly asks—"Are there not even Christian temples, where these lines deserve to be written up in letters of gold?" That mercy is better than sacrifice,—that external forms

are but the means, internal purity the end, is a lesson too apt to be forgotten in all ages and in all countries. It is certainly one of those precepts which are more particularly inculcated in both the Jewish and Christian records; See for instance Isaiah, c. i. 11—17. Ps. li. 16, 17. Micah, vi. Mark vii. 1. 23.

NOTES ON SAT. III.

Most of the Translators and Commentators wish to represent this satire as a regular dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. The same rage for systematizing has been exerted upon the first satire, and indeed more or less upon all the rest. It is by this mode of proceeding that perverse ingenuity has tortured Horace's Epistle to the Pisos into a didactic poem on the art of poetry, and even Pope's Essay on Man into a pious christian discourse. It is really provoking to see poetry thus wrenched and twisted into system by the cramping irons of criticism. In satire and compositions of that familiar sort we are not to look for a regular arrangement of parts combining to form one complete whole. The order observed in them is little more than that of common thinking or epistolary writing, where one idea continually suggests another: with this restriction however that the leading thought is never wholly lost sight of. It is a *chain* indeed; but it is a chain which runs round into itself.

1, 2. These two lines are highly *picturesque* and descriptive of 'the long levell'd rule of streaming light.' Virgil has in Æn. III. 152.

——————————Qua se
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.

3. Indomitum Falernum; that is, Falernian wine unmixed with honey or water or any weaker wine than itself. So Virgil, Georg.

IV. 101. Dulcia mella. . . . . durum Bacchi *domitura* saporem. Hor. B. 1. Sat. X. 24. Su vior, ut Chio nota si commixta Falerni est. Id. B. 2. Sat. II. 15. Hymettia mella Falerno diluta; Which is spoken of as a most sumptuous and delicious beverage. *Despumare* Falernum is like the French expression *Cuver son vin*, to which no English phrase that I can think of exactly corresponds.

4. Quinta dum linea tangitur umbra. The Romans divided their natural day, that is, the interval of time between sun-rise and sun-set, into twelve equal parts called *hours*. Consequently the length of their diurnal hours would vary with the length of the day itself, and be longer in summer than in winter. The sun's shadow would touch the fifth line (at the time of year of which Persius is here speaking) a few minutes before eleven o'clock, A. M. See Mr. Drummond's learned note.

5. Siccas, &c. Those who are curious in searching for parallel passages may refer to Martial, X. 62. v. 7.

7. These three verses I understand differently from all the translators or commentators that I have seen. Though my translation together with my punctuation of the Latin text will sufficiently explain the manner in which I would arrange the dialogue, it may not be amiss briefly to go over the passage in prose, making what remarks occur. First then by *unus comitum* it is clear to me that Persius means, not one of the tutors in philosophy to the young sluggard before addressed, as Koenig with some other commentators most absurdly supposes, but one of his fellow-students (as in Sat. V. 32. Cum blandi *comites*, &c.) as Casaubon explains it. This student, then, more active or at least more sensible of shame than his companion, starts up, expresses how shocked he is to find himself a-bed at so late an hour, and begins bawling to his slaves to come and assist him to dress. Upon this the idler tudent flies into a passion at being disturbed by the vociferous alertness of his companion (turgescit vitrea bilis), and expresses his rage in the concluding line—*Findor*, &c, you cleave my ears asunder in such a

manner that one might swear all the asses in Arcadia were braying at once. Vitrea bilis is borrowed probably from Horace's similar expression, splendida bilis. If the reader think this introduction of the idle student's impatience at being disturbed rather unseasonable, he must recollect that querulousness and irritability were particularly ridiculed by the stoic teachers as marks of an unphilosophical spirit; as on the contrary a tranquil and serene firmness of mind (which they called Ἀταραξία) was the object of their highest praise. See Arrian's Epictetus *passim*.

Casaubon says: Sciendum quædam a Grammaticis tanquam Persii afferri, quæ in his satiris non invenias: ut ex. gr. a Servio in III. Georg, verba, *Findit infantes statuas*. These words are Horace's, B. 2. Sat. v. 40. I have not Servius's Virgil at hand: But I suspect that he was giving instances of the use of *findor* in the sense in which it here occurs when he quoted the above passage of Horace, and that some shorter reference to this passage of Persius (Findor ut Arcadiæ, &c.) gave room for the mistake.

10. Bicolor, that is (says Casaubon), white on the inner side and yellow on that where the coat was scraped off. Virgil applies the same epithet (Æn. viii. 276.) to the leaf of the poplar, which is differently coloured on its opposite sides.

14. In the twelfth verse the complaint was that the ink being too thick would not flow from the reed. When diluted with water, it becomes too faint to be legible (vanescit), and besides this the reed now gives down the ink too plentifully (geminat guttas) so as to occasion blurs. Some take *geminat* to denote the badness of the pen which made double marks. It is a matter of no consequence; but the other sense seems to be more agreeable to the context. To avoid the repetition of the word *queritur*, which comes in very awkwardly in the 14th verse, I would read with a small alteration Dilutasque nimis, &c. The reader will observe how easily QUENIMIS might by careless transcribers be changed into QUERITUR.

17. Regum pueris—to the children of the *Great*. Men of wealth and consequence are often called *Reges* among the Roman

poets, probably because with them the relation of a patron to his clients or dependents was fancied to bear some resemblance to that of a king to his subjects. So Horace calls Mæcenas his *rexque paterque*. See Juv. 1. 136. with Ruperti's note, whose edition by the way is valuable for its copious references more than for its elucidation of the text.

19. An tali studeam calamo? So Hor. B. 2. Sat. II. 7. Culpantur frustra calami.

21. Contemnere. So Hor. ib. 14. Contemnere miser. Persius has, perhaps unconsciously, taken many hints from the above satire of Horace. Sonat vitium, &c. This is a favourite allusion of Persius, and we have it again Sat. v. 25. The custom of storing their wine in earthen jars rendered it to the antients an obvious one. Yet our Butler has something similar, Hud. P. 1. Cant. III.

> Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
> As men try pipkins by the ringing.

Mr. Drummond has varied the metaphor:

> Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind
> Yields to the gale and bends with every wind;
> Seize then this sunny but this fleeting hour
> To nurse and cultivate the tender flower.

This is certainly pretty: why was it not Persius? I wish not however to speak petulantly of Mr Drummond's work As a poet and particularly as a master of elegant and harmonious versification, I look up to him with great respect. I only have to regret that in polishing the asperities of his author, he has rubbed off so large a portion of that strong though coarse comic humour upon which Persius prides himself. In shunning the *Verba Togæ* he has lost the rough and racy spirit which characterizes his original. In short I think Cæsar's judiciously reserved compliment to Terence may be applied mutatis mutandis to Mr. Drummond's performance:

> *Lenibus* atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret *vis*
> *Comica!* &c.
> Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti!

Yet it ought to be mentioned in extenuation of this defect of Mr. Drummond's version, that there was a strong inducement to err on that side from the circumstance that his predecessor Brewster had fallen into the opposite extreme of vulgar buffoonery. The wit of Brewster is of the coarsest cast, and falls as far beneath his author's as a common Merry-Andrew is inferior to one of Shakespear's Fools. Yet Brewster deserves commendation for the scrupulous accuracy with which he has interwoven every iota of his original in his translation, and for that small portion of ease which he *has* attained notwithstanding that scrupulousness. As to other translations of Persius, I have seen none that can be compared with the two above-mentioned. My highest ambition has been to be thought to have united as much of the elegance of the one with as much of the fidelity of the other, as may reasonably be judged compatible in a performance of this kind.

24. Sed rure paterno, &c. Here the poet anticipates in an ironical way the excuse which his opponent was likely to allege. Hall seems to have copied the general spirit of the passage in B. 2. Sat. 2.

> Have I not lands of faire inheritance,
> Derived by right of long continuance? &c.

I must not omit to confess my obligation to Dryden for v. 26. of my translation.

25. Purum et sine labe salinum. The Romans seem to have been particularly proud of their old Family salt-dishes, and to have considered their brightness not only as a test of general comfort and cleanliness, but as the mirror in which was reflected the dignity of their birth and ancestry. Salt, of which they had vast pits near the mouth of the Tiber and elsewhere, was an indispensable article at their tables. Thus in Sat. V. 138. we find a sparing use of salt mentioned as a mark of extreme penuriousness.

26. Patella—a small earthen dish or pan, commonly used by the Romans to offer libations to their house-hold Gods, as ap-

pears from Juv. S. V. 85. Upon the words *cultrixque foci* the old scholiast has the following note; Quia delibatæ dapes in ea positæ ad focum feruntur. Thus it is given in my copy of Casaubon's Persius, 8vo. Paris. 1605. But Lipsius in a note to his Tacitus cites it thus: Quia delibantiæ, &c.: and observes, Forsan *delibande*, quod facile transit in *delibantiæ*. I have retailed this emendation of the old scholiast, not as immediately relating to Persius, but as what may be of use to any future editor of the Veteres Glossæ.

29. Censoremve tuum vel, &c. Casaubon objects to this repetition of the disjunctive copulative, ve—vel. But *vel* means here as it often does elsewhere, *even*, and the sentence may be rendered thus: "Do you think it a matter to boast of so much, that you derive your birth from a long line of Tuscan ancestry, *or even* on this poor plea that when drest in the Trabea amid the Knight's procession, you can salute the Censor as your near relation?" At every Census the knights used to pass in procession before the Censor, mounted on horseback and in the full dress of the order; at least such was the custom until some of the Emperors put a stop to it.

31. Natta—probably some notorious libertine of his time, whose name afterwards became proverbial. It occurs in Horace, who, from the circumstances annexed to the mention of it, may well be supposed to refer to the same person as Persius mentions:

> ——ungor olivo,
> Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
>
> B. 1. Sat. vi. 124.

> I oil my limbs for manly exercise,
> Not with such stuff as from the lamp's dull flame
> Natta purloins to smear his filthy frame.

32—34. See similar passages in Juv. S. II. 15—19. Hor. B. 2. Sat. vi. 18. *Fibris increvit opimum pingue* very nearly resembles an expression in Isaiah which I have ventured to apply in my translation. Somewhere in the Psalms also is a similar metaphor,

which our English translators have rendered "Their heart is as fat as brawn."

38. Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta. What an inimitable line is this! Ovid has something like it, at least with respect to construction, in his description of Envy: Met II. 780.

Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum.

I am surprised that none of Persius's translators have remarked the resemblance between their author and Milton, Par. Lost. B. iv. v. 846.

——————Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue, in her shape how lovely—*saw, and pined*
His loss.

See also Cicero de Officiis, L. 1. C. 5. Juvenal has drawn a fine picture of the horrors of remorse in his 13th Satire, and very excellently is it translated both by Mr. Gifford and by Mr. Hodgson's friend. If I (an humble prisoner at the bar of public opinion) may venture to award the prize to others, I would say that of these two translators, Mr. Gifford and Mr. Hodgson, the former has transfused into his work the larger portion of the *satiric spirit* of his original, and the latter has best reflected the *poetic fervour* of it, sometimes indeed with rather too elaborate a splendour.

39. The story of Phalaris, Tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily, and of the Brazen Bull in which his refractory subjects were punished with such exquisite tortures is too well known to be here repeated. That of Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, and his courtier Damocles, is not less so. See Cic. Tusc. Disp. V. 21, and Hor. III Od. I. 17.

44. See the Life of Persius prefixed to this translation. Also compare Juv viii. 163. Our soldiers played a similar trick, when soon after their return from Egypt they rubbed their eyes with something which gave them the appearance of persons afflicted with the Ophthalmia in order to obtain their discharge.

45. Grandia verba. He means here to ridicule the turgid style of puerile declamation. The word *Grandis* is always applied by Persius in an ironical sense: Thus S. I. 14. Grande aliquid; and S. v. 7. Grande locuturi. The words *non sano* in the next verse seem merely to be a stronger expression for *insano*, as in the last verse of the present satire, Non sani esse hominis non sanus juret Orestes. In the 48th verse Casaubon points after the word *Jure*, with no great advantage (that I can see) to the sense, and certainly with great embarrassment to the construction. The scholiast seems to have misled him.

50. Angustæ collo non fallier orcæ. According to some of the commentators Persius here means that one of his boyish labours consisted in learning how to detect his play-fellows in the fraudulent use of a dice-box made narrow in the neck, so that by fixing the dice they could obtain whatever throw they wanted. Others think he alludes to a game which consisted in chucking nuts or small pieces of money into a narrow-mouthed jug. The latter idea seems much more agreeable to the general sense of the passage. An exertion of skill was more likely to engage the zeal of so tender a mind, than the detection of a swindling trick. Let us hope the *idle progeny* of Rome was not quite so bad as to need such precaution. In the manner then in which I would understand the passage, *Fallier* will signify to *miss one's aim*, like ἁμαρτάνειν in Greek. In so trifling a matter I have translated freely.

53. Braccatis Medis. Braccæ (says Ruperti in Juv. S. II. 169.) non modo Gallis Narbonensibus in usu erant, sed et Dacis, Getis, aliisque Ponti populis, Phrygibus, Lydis, Persis, Indis, et Medis. Xenophon describing the dress of the Persian nobles who accompanied Cyrus in his Expedition against Artaxerxes, mentions their ποικιλαι ἀναξυριδες, their embroidered or variegated trowsers, which would doubtless form a prominent feature in the Battle-piece alluded to by Persius. I need scarcely to observe that the Battle of Marathon was painted upon the walls of the portico in which the stoic philosophers taught their disciples, for which reason it was called ποικιλη στοα, the painted Portico.

54. Detonsa juventus. Every sect must have its badge, and that of the stoics was to wear their hair closely cropped. The following extract from the Life of Colonel Hutchinson will shew that later times have had their *detonsa juventus*. "Among other affected habits, few of the Puritanes (what degree soever they were of) wore their haire long enough to cover their eares, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peakes as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custome of wearing their haires, that name of Round-head became the scornful terme given to the whole parliament party." If we descend to more modern times we still find the wearing of the hair made the badge, in one case, of a religious sect; in another, of a political party.

56. Pythagoras, the Samian Philosopher, considered the letter Y as an emblematical symbol of human life. The straight stem below represents the early part of life, when the character is as yet undetermined. The ramification in the middle represents the alternative of virtue and vice offered to our choice on our entrance into the busy world; The line which parts off to the right is the road of virtue, that to the left the path of vice.

66. Discite, o miseri, &c. This and the following six lines are full of stoical notions. Epictetus, B. I. C. 10. says: "I intreat you to learn from Chrysippus of what nature the administration of the world is, and what place a reasonable creature holds in it. Learn too, what you yourself are, and wherein your good and evil consists."

68 Some copies have *undæ*, and then the allusion is supposed to be to the rowing matches which were not uncommonly exhibited in the Roman shows, and of which we have a description in Virgil's fifth book of the Æneid. The construction however would hardly admit this interpretation, for the *Meta* was a rock or some conspicuous object fixed *in undis*. A great living scholar proposes (as I have been informed) to read *ut undæ*, which he interprets—*fine as the curvature of a wave*, and supports his conjecture by a

variety of similar allusions in classical authors. Assuredly this is an ingenious conjecture, and the slightness of the alteration which it proposes would seem to recommend it. Yet there lie two strong objections against it. First it p.oduces a huddle of metaphors which even from Persius (who, we must confess, is not very nice in this point) we should hardly expect. The goal, put for the *finis ultimus* as the philosophers called it, is itself a pretty strong figure of speech; what shall we say, then, to the immediate introduction of another figure, by which the winding round this goal is compared to the delicate curvature of a wave? But secondly the whirling of a chariot about a goal bears no resemblance that I can see to what is usually called a wave-like motion.

Perhaps the common reading *unde* will afford sufficiently good sense. *Meta quam mollis flexus*, i. e. 'How smooth and delicate must be the winding about the goal,' *et unde*, 'and from what point we are to begin the turn:' In other words, in what we are to fix the *finis ultimus* of life, and how difficult, when fixed, to attain it. If we read with some copies *qua* instead of *quam*, which indeed for my own part I prefer, the sense is a little, but not materially altered. *Qua* will mean *what direction* we must take so as to steer around the goal; and *unde*, as before, *from what point* we must commence the turn. Words of this kind are not unfrequently coupled together, where energy is aimed at, as in Hor. B. 2. S II. 18. *Unde putas aut quî partum?* It is observable that *aut* in this line is the only disjunctive which occurs in the whole passage, and weakens its *cumulative* effect. I have ventured to change it into *et*: or we might read—ordo Quis datus est: metæ, &c. Casaubon's note on this passage is by no means worthy of so sagacious a scholar. After proposing the above interpretation of the word *Meta*, he tells his readers that, if they like it better, they may take it in the sense of *Death*, like Virgil's

——————Metasque dati pervenit ad ævi.

He also explains *mollis* by these words: Qui cito et rapide peragitur. It rather signifies here smooth and fine, or such as requires

consummate address, like Horace's *Molles aditus*.—One of the English prose translators of Persius proposes to read—qua mollis flexus *abunde*, which is abundantly absurd. If conjecture may be indulged, which however seems unnecessary, it were better to read the whole line thus :

Quis datus: ut metæ mollis flexura petendæ.

69. Asper nummus, rough, i. e. coined silver. So *asper crater* not plain, but chased. Ov. Met. XII. 235. The above is from Ainsworth's Dictionary, and confirms Casaubon's note.

73. To modern ears it sounds somewhat harsh to blame the advocate for receiving any acknowledgment from his client. But the following extract from Middleton's excellent Life of Cicero will shew that such *monumenta clientis* were disgraceful in no small degree.

" The business of pleading, though a profession of all others the most laborious, yet was not mercenary, or undertaken for pay: for it was illegal to take money or to accept even a present for it: but the richest, the greatest, and the noblest of Rome freely offered their talents to the service of their citizens, as the common guardians and protectors of the innocent and distressed. This was a constitution as old as Romulus, who assigned the patronage of the people to the patricians or senators, without fee or reward: but in succeeding ages when, through the avarice of the nobles, it was become a custom for all clients to make annual presents to their patrons, by which the body of the citizens was made tributary, as it were, to the senate, M. Cincius a Tribune published a law prohibiting all Senators *to take money or gifts on any account, and especially for pleading causes*." Vol. I. p. 59. Ed. 1750.

77. Gente hircosa, &c. Here again we must put off the modern: Yet Shakespear's soldier is " bearded like the pard." Owen observes that the shaggy soldier's speech here is something like what Swift puts into the mouth of his smart modern Captain :

Your * *Noveds* and *Bluturks* and *Omurs* and stuff—
By my faith I don't value them this pinch of snuff.

* For *Ovids* and *Plutarchs* and *Homers*.

Stobæus has preserved a fragment of Menander which shews that even in the politest age of Athens, the military profession was not considered as it now is, the school of elegance.

Κομψος στρατιωτης, οὐδ' ἂν εἰ πλαττει θεος,
Οὐδεις γενοιτ' ἄν.

A polish'd soldier not the Gods themselves
Could mould.

79. Bishop Hall has closely copied from this passage in B. 2. Sat. 2.

Tush ! what care I to be Arcesilas,
Or some sad Solon, whose deep furrow'd face
And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight
Still on the steadfast earth are musing pight ;
Muttering what censures their distracted minde
Of brainsick paradoxes deeply hath defined !
- - - - - -
Long would it be 'ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.

80. Obstipo capite. So Hor. B. 2. Sat. V. 92. Stes capite obstipo.

83. The antient philosophers stumbled at the idea of pure creation out of nothing. They could admit a *former*, but not a *creator*, of the universe.

85. Cur quis non prandeat, &c. Horace calls Xenocrates 'Impransus Magister,' B. 2. S. III. 257.

86. Torosa juventus ; *muscular*, *brawny*. So Ovid, describing a bull, says *Colla toris extant ;* the muscles of his neck are prominent.

94. Nihil est. So Phædrus in his fable of the Dog and the Wolf : Unde hoc, amice ? *Nihil est.* Dic, quæso, tamen.

97. Jampridem hunc sepeli ; tu restas ? This is like Horace, B. 1. Sat. IX. 28. Omnes composui. *Felices ! nunc ego resto.* In the next line, *Turgidus* hic epulis atque albo ventre is also like Ho-

race's expression, Pinguem vitiis albumque, B. 2. S. I. 20. It was considered a mark of brutal voluptuousness to bathe after supper, which was sometimes done for the purpose of creating an artificial appetite and renewing the debauch. Thus Horace (B. 1. Ep. VI.) says:

Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit.——
——crudi tumidique lavemur,—
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti.

It is wonderful in how many instances these two satirists serve mutually to illustrate each other's meaning.

With respect to the *calidum triental*, consult Rupert in Juv. Vol. 2. p. 209.

105. In portam rigidos calces extendit. This custom of placing the dead in the vestibule with their feet stretched toward the door of the house previous to interment seems to have prevailed among the Greeks as well as Romans. In that most beautiful book of all the Iliad, the nineteenth, Achilles mourning in his tent over the dead body of his friend Patroclus, and refusing to take any sustenance 'till he should have avenged his death, says:

Πριν δ' οὕτως ἀν ἐμοιγε φιλον κατα λαιμον ἰεινη
Οὐ ποσις οὐδε βρωσις, ἑταιρου τεθνειωτος,
Ὁς μοι ἐνι κλισιῃ δεδαϊγμενος ὀξεῖ χαλκῳ
Κειται, ἀνα προθυρον τετραμμενος.

107. Tange, miser! venas, &c. In most editions and translations of Persius, this and the next line are put into the mouth of the student, as if he denied that the preceding story was applicable to himself. They are however without doubt a continuation of the poet's expostulation with him. The word *miser* sufficiently shows this, as it is always spoken in an authoritative way. See for instance the 15th and 66th verses of this very satire. *Nil calet hic?* is like Horace, B. 2. S. III. 80. Aut alio mentis morbo calet. The order of the thoughts is this: The poet has just been telling a story of a sick man who died in consequence of neglecting his phy-

sician's advice and indulging his own appetite notwithstanding the warning he had received. He now proceeds to convince the despiser of philosophy that he is himself in the same predicament. For "feel your heart," says he; "is there no symptom of a morbid heat? Try your extremities; are they not cold as those of a dying man? Does not your heart throb quick with avarice or with lust?—Have you not an ulcer in your throat which makes you loath all simple and homely diet?—You shiver with fear, as if you were under a fit of the ague. Next moment, your blood boils with anger, your eyes flash with frenzy, and you betray every symptom of insanity."

The conclusion is obvious: that, as the intemperate invalid ought betimes to have listened to the advice of his physician, so the man who is a slave to his passions stands in need of philosophy, which is the medicine of the mind. All this is in the very spirit of Epictetus and the other stoic sages.

114. Radere beta. So Hor. B. 2. S. II. 24. Tergere palatum.

118. Non sanus juret Orestes. See v. 46. supra; also Hor. B. 2. S. III. 133.

NOTES ON SAT. IV.

The object of this satire is not at first sight evident. Casaubon, who has been followed with too implicit confidence, supposes that it is throughout a satire upon Nero. But much might be said against this. I believe it to be rather a general satire upon premature pretenders to political and moral wisdom. Plato's dialogue certainly was one object of his imitation, and perhaps also he had an eye to a

play of Eupolis, now lost. Certain it is that Eupolis in a comedy entitled Βαπται, or the Priests of Cotytto, in which the Athenians were introduced dancing like women, ridiculed more especially the effeminate manners of Alcibiades, by whom he was in consequence eventually put to death.

1. *Barbatum*, that is, *antiquum*. The Romans did not shave their chins until about the year of the city 454. Hence the term *bearded* came to denote antiquity, or rather the stern and austere manners of the older Romans. It is here applied to Socrates though an Athenian, with the same loose inattention to time and place with which the poet afterwards talks of *Quirites* and *Puteal*; so that though he bids his readers suppose Socrates here to be the speaker, they are left at liberty to forget it as soon as they please.

12. Vel cum fallit pede regula varo. That is, even when the rule itself confounds the eye by being warped and crooked. Thus, were it laid down as a criterion of rectitude that virtuous action consists in doing that which tends to produce pleasure (pleasure being supposed the sovereign good of man), the rule might be said to be perverse and calculated to mislead. But if in applying this rule to judge of actions, we contended that the highest pleasure consisted in doing good to our fellow creatures, we should then in fact arrive at the criterion of ultimate utility; so that the very obliquity of the rule which we applied would not mislead our judgment of particular actions. This I take to be my author's meaning both here and in Sat. v. 37. where he says:

——————Tunc *fallere solers*
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores.

13. Nigrum Theta. Θ mortem significat: nam judices eandem literam *Theta* apponebant ad eorum nomina quos supplicio afficiebant. Et dicitur Theta ἀπὸ τοῦ θανάτου, id est, a morte. Unde et habet per medium telum, id est, mortis signum. De qua quidam ait,

O multum ante alias infelix littera Theta!
Isidori Origines.

20. Suffla. See Hor. B. 2. S. III. 317.

22. Cantaverit ocyma. Ocyma are probably any herbs of rapid growth, such as mustard, cresses, &c. from Ὠκυς. *Canere* (says Ruperti) significat clare dicere et indicare; ut *cantare* passim apud Plautum, v. c. Bacch. iv. 9, 61. Most. iv. 2, 64. et Rud. II. 5, 21. Here however it rather signifies the boasting praises which this Baucis bestowed upon her herbs. The word, when used in a metaphorical way, I believe always carries in it a spice of the ridiculous, as in Horace's Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. One is afraid of refining upon the sense of an author, after the absurd length to which the practice has sometimes been carried. But perhaps the poet here means that, since birth and beauty are merely external and adventitious advantages, it is as little in the spirit of philosophy to boast of *them*, as in Baucis it is to puff off her *ocyma* as if they reflected any honour upon herself.

24. So Hor. B. 2. S. III. 299. Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo. And Catullus, Carm. xx. 21. Sed non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est. Phœdrus also has a fable to the same effect.

25. Nostin' &c. A common way of beginning a narrative, where it is necessary to premise something. Thus in Terence's Phormio A. 1. S. 2. Senis nostri, Dave, fratrem majorem Chremem nostin'?

26. Proverbialis est Hyperbole de homine supra modum locuplete, cui tantum sit agrorum quantum nec milvus pervolet. Id imitatus Juvenalis Sat. ix. Tot milvis (inquit) intra sua pascua lassis. Sic et apud Plutarchum tragicus quidam:

Σπειρω δ' ἀρουραν δωδεχ' ἡμερων ὁδον
Βερεκυντα χωρον.

Erasm. Adag. p. 714. Ed. prim.

27. Hunc Dis iratis. So Horace of a miser, Dis inimice senex, B. 2. S. III. 123. And Phœdrus L. iv. Fab. 19. where the fox seeing the serpent watching over those treasures which he cannot use, says to him,

Dis est iratis natus, qui est similis tibi.

28. Compita—loca in quibus multæ viæ competunt. The Compitalia, he alluded to, seem to have been a rustic festival, in which the peasants hung up their yokes at the concourse of the streets, (that is, in the most frequented places) to celebrate the completion of ploughing and sowing. Our Plough-Monday was originally a similar sort of holiday, and the custom is still preserved in many of our counties for the peasants to drag about a plough on that day, and make a procession through the streets.

30. Ingemit, *hoc bene sit.* So Hor. B. 2. S. II. 120. *Bene erat* non piscibus urbe petitis. In the description of a miser here as well as in Sat. vi. 19—21, Persius puts forth his strongest powers, though he has borrowed some touches from Horace's pencil. See the portrait of Avidienus in the satire above referred to.

34. Cubito qui tangat. See Hor. B. 2. S. v. 42.

37—41. See Juv. S. ii. 11—13. where the same disgusting picture is drawn and illustrated by Ruperti, with nauseous accuracy. I have endeavoured to soften the sense of my author by giving to the translation an ambiguous turn. See also Epictetus, B. 3. C. 1.

43. Vivitur hoc pacto. Cic. in one of his letters to his friends has a similar expression, sic vivitur. Horace also has, hæc est conditio vivendi. The preceding verse also in Persius is very like one of Horace, Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem.

46. Vicinia; see Hor. B. 2. S. v. 106.

49. Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas. Upon this verse the old scholiast remarks: Fœneratores ad Puteal Scribonis Licinii (read, *Scribonii Libonis*), quod est in porticu Julia ad Fabianum arcum, consistere solebant. It seems strange to modern ears that a Font-lid should be of sufficient consequence to give its name to the place where the Romans held their money-market. But the antients were remarkably curious in the workmanship of their Putealia or Font-lids, as appears from a letter of Cicero to Atticus, in which

he requests him to send over from Greece *Putealia sigillata duo*, two embossed Font-lids. Various have been the interpretations of the latter part of this verse. Some suppose the poet to allude to Nero's bullying freaks in which he took care (multa cautus vibice) to have several attendant bravos to defend him. But this interpretation does not harmonize with the text. In the first place, it supposes the whole passage to be addressed to Nero, to whom verse 47 can hardly be applied. In the next, it is observable that Persius is here mentioning those vices, a consciousness of which, *notwithstanding* the laudes viciniæ, ought to strike a sense of shame into the person addressed. But these freaks in the Forum were a public grievance, and it would sound somewhat strange to say, " If you kick up midnight brawls and beat the populace, it is in vain that you drink the praises of that same populace with such a greedy ear." The above solution is given by Casaubon. Of all the other solutions which I have yet seen, that of Britannicus seems the most reasonable, and this I have adopted in my translation.

Britannicus (says Koenig) *Puteal* debitores esse, et *multa vibice flagellat* pro, molestum esse debitoribus in usuris exigendis, existimat. I see but one objection to this interpretation. This lies in the word *cautus* and in its particular situation, which would lead us to suppose that the action (be it what it may) expressed by the words *multa vibice flagellare Puteal* implied caution. But the exaction of usury implies rather covetousness than great caution, since in order to gain much in that way, it is necessary to hazard much. Now *Vibex*, though it properly denote a weal occasioned by stripes, may perhaps by a little poetical licence be extended to signify the *Thong* or *Cord* by which those stripes are inflicted. *Flagello* also, like our word *to lash*, may I believe mean to *bind* or *tie round*. It seems therefore not impossible that *multa vibice flagellas* intimates the binding down a debtor by many bonds of security. Horace has something similar (B. 2. S. iii. 70.) Mille adde catenas : which the old scholiast explains by *cautiones* et nexus juris. If this conjecture be just (and I offer it as a mere conjecture) the use and position of the

word *cautus* is peculiarly emphatical. Sheridan's note on this verse is the only tolerable one in his book.

52. Nôris is here used as an imperative, as in S. v. 8. The expression Tecum habita resembles Horace's, Non horam *tecum esse* potes, B. 2. S. vii. 112.

NOTES ON SAT. V.

Persius in this satire seems to have had in his eye the philosophical discovery of Stertinius, so humourously enlarged upon by Horace, B. 2. S. iii. where he attempts to shew that all men are *mad*, the timid—the fool-hardy—the usurious—the avaricious—the profuse—the cruel—the ambitious—the luxurious—the lascivious—and the superstitious. He also sometimes imitates Hor. B. 2. Sat. vii. where honest Davus attempts to convince his master that he was virtually as much a slave as himself.

1. Vatibus hic mos est. See Homer Il. II. 484. Virg. Æn. vi. 625, and elsewhere. The author of the The new Bath Guide has an excellent parody on the above passages:

> O, had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
> With twice fifty tongues, to express what I feel,
> And as many mouths, yet I never could utter
> All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter.

4. Vulnera seu Parthi, &c. So Hor. B. 2. S. i. 15. in lines which attest those very powers which he is disclaiming, and which I have thus attempted in English:

> To paint such scenes and paint them as they are,
> To roll in verse the thunder of the war,

To sing the bristling squadron's bright array,
The clash of armour and the battle's bray,
The javelin quivering in the Gaul's pale corse,
The stricken Parthian fainting from his horse,—
Such themes, good Sir! demand a master's skill:
To me the power is wanting,—not the will.

8. Olla Thyestæ. Voltaire in a prefatory epistle to his *Les Pélopides*, says that he always looked upon the family of Atreus as the workshop in which dramatic writers ought to forge the daggers of Melpomene. I cannot say that I have ever read his tragedy on the subject: But I cannot imagine any dagger to be forged in such a workshop which could wound the hearts of a modern audience more than skin-deep. A play founded on such a plot, even in the hands of a Shakespear, could have turned out nothing better than

——————toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

10. Imitated from Hor. B. 1. S. iv. At tu conclusas, &c. And, what is rather unusual in Persius, the allusion is not more outré in him than in his model.

14. Junctura callidus acri. Hurd in his note on the following passage of Horace,

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum,

after contending that *junctura* there means *the application of known words in such a way as to give them the air and effect of new ones*, quotes this line of Persius, whom he calls the great imitator or rather interpreter of Horace, and explains it thus: "He took up with words of common and familiar use (verba togæ), but contrived to bring them into his style in such a manner as to give them the force, spirit, and energy of satiric expression."

20. Dare pondus idonea fumo, borrowed perhaps from Hor. B. 1. Ep. xix. 42.

21. There is a warmth of expression in this affectionate address

of Persius to his old tutor and friend, which does infinite credit to his feelings, and bespeaks his sincerity. In Horace's ode to Mæcenas during his sickness (Cur me querelis exanimas tuis? &c.) the relation in which he stood to his patron leaves a suspicion on the reader's mind that the apprehensions he expresses, warmly as they are expressed, *may* be only the pictæ tectoria linguæ. But when Persius, a man of some rank and fortune, professes an attachment to Cornutus, a teacher of the stoic philosophy, the case is widely different; solidum crepat. There is so close a resemblance between some parts of this address of Persius to the philosopher, and that of Horace to Mæcenas above-mentioned, particularly where they both touch upon astrology, that for the sake of the English reader I have attempted a translation of the whole ode, which is the seventeeth of the second book.

Cease, dearest friend, to wound my heart
With these sad thoughts! It must not be:
That thou shouldst first from life depart
Is pleasing nor to Heaven nor me.
Live, dear Mæcenas! live, my stay and guide,
Thou pillar of my fortunes and my pride!

Yet ah! should some untimely end
Tear *thee*, my better half, away,
What could induce thy weeping friend
Still on the world's dull stage to stay?
Bereft of thee, when life no more could give
Its wonted joys, why should I wish to live?

Ah, no!—By heaven that cursed morn
Shall draw one ruin upon both:
Such is the oath which I have sworn,
And trust me, 'tis no idle oath:
Lead but the way—I stand prepared to go,
And hand in hand we'll seek the shades below.

Not fierce Chimæra's fiery breath—
Not Gyges with his hundred hands—
Not all the powers of hell and death
Shall sunder Friendship's holy bands:
Living or dying, I will follow thee;
So sovereign Justice—so the Fates decree.

Whether upon my natal hour
The even-poised *scales* look'd down,
Or on my birth with baleful lower
Grim *Scorpio* cast a surly frown,
Or *Capricorn* his milder aspect gave,
The sign which lords it o'er the western wave;—

Certain it is, thy star and mine
Concur in some mysterious way:
Thee *Jove* with influence benign
Crossing stern *Saturn's* impious ray,
Saved from the jaws of death, and saved to hear
From crowded theatres the long-drawn cheer.

Too sure the tree had stunn'd this head,
Had not kind Faunus standing by
Turn'd off the blow, still prompt to aid
The votaries of great Mercury.
Slay then the victim *thou*, and rear the shrine!
The humbler offering of a lamb be *mine!*

31. Those who wish to know what the *bulla* was, are referred to the commentators on Juv. v. 164. and to Mr Drummond's learned note on this passage of Persius. Succinctis Laribus, id est, ευ'ζωνοις (says Casaubon), quia habitu peregrinantium erant Lares amicti, cum cane comite. Koenig also gives the same reason for the epithet *Succinctis*. But, as Mr. Drummond justly asks, "Was it then in honour of the *Lares viales*, and not of the *Lares familiares*, that the

bulla was hung up?" He attempts not however to solve the difficulty which yet remains in the word *Succinctis*.

The older Romans were, it is well known, designated by their posterity in the time of the Emperors, and even in the latter times of the Republic, by such epithets as *Succincti*, *cinctuti*, &c. What then can be more natural than that the statues of these *Lares* or Household-Gods which were transmitted from one generation to another, should carry in the dress with which they were represented the prevailing fashion of the times when they were first carved? I am persuaded that this is all which is intended by the epithet in question. It marks the honour and antiquity of the author's family. See Virgil's Æn. vii. 188.

32. Suburra. See Gesner's note on Hor. Epod. v. 58.

33. See Mr. Drummond's note on the word *umbo*, which however in the latter edition of his work seems to be at variance with the translation. The word appears to mean the knot in which the folds of the Toga were gathered over the left shoulder. Candidus umbo (says Koenig) seu toga pura indicat ætatem juvenilem. Notwithstanding the numerous treatises that have been written *de re vestiaria*, it is very little understood. In Juvenal i. 27. the words *Tyrias humero revocante lacernas* are explained by Ruperti in every possible sense but the right; which is, that the cloak was gathered forward or (as Mr. Gifford appositely words it) *recovered* over the shoulder. The reader will excuse my stepping aside to mention a passage of Suetonius, which seems to me to illustrate this recovering of the cloak, and to confirm Mr. Gifford's note. That author informs us that Julius Cæsar, in order to hide the baldness of his forehead, deficientem capillum *revocare* a vertice assueverat, used to gather forward the scanty hair from the top of his head. In the same satire of Juvenal, v. 157. read on the authority of a great scholar lately deceased,

Et latum media sulcum *quæ* ducit arena.

35. Compita—see S. iv. 28.

37. Fallere solers, so apt to mislead. See iv. 12. Persius is very fond of this poetical form of speech, in which a verb in the infinitive mood follows an adjective. Thus solers nôsse, vi. 24; Artifex sequi; Callidus suspendere; &c.

41. Cicero's son in a letter from Athens to his father gives a similar account of his friendly intercourse with the philosopher Cratippus. "Cratippo me scito non ut discipulum, sed ut filium, esse conjunctissimum;———Sum totos dies cum eo, noctisque sæpenumero partem. Exoro enim ut mecum quam sæpissime coenet. Hac introducta consuetudine, sæpe inscientibus nobis et coenantibus obrepit, sublataque severitate philosophiæ, humanissime nobiscum jocatur. B. xvi. Ep. 23. Ross.

Brewster in his translation of this beautiful passage borrows a fine line from Pope's Epistle to Mr. Jervas;

While summer suns roll unperceived away.

But he acknowledges the theft, and therefore is not only pardonable, but deserves some praise for applying it so well. Not so Young in his Revenge, who has taken the same liberty without any acknowledgment:

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceived away.
Act. II.

45. Whatever be said of some other instances in which Persius has been thought to imitate Horace, I think the resemblances are too close to leave a doubt that in the present passage he had in his mind the 5th and 6th stanzas of B. 2 Od. xvii. See note on v. 21. above.

51. Among my acknowledgments to preceding translators I must not omit to confess my obligations here to Barten Holiday, whose version of the 51st line I have with a small variation adopted.

52. This passage and another not unlike it in Sat. vi. beginning Discrepet his alius, &c. appear to be imitations of Hor. B. 1. S. ii. 26.

Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.

55. Rugosum piper. So Ovid has rugosa carica. The phrase Pallentis grana cumini derives some light from Hor. B. 1. Ep. xix. 18.

——————————Quod si
Pallerem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.

58. So Hor. B. 2. S. vii. 15. Postquam illi justa cheragra contudit articulos. With respect to the veteris ramalia fagi, I have observed a similar comparison in a poem of Mr. Coxe's on an elm injured by a storm, and as the coincidence is rather singular, I shall transcribe the passage:

Ah luckless tree! these streaming eyes
With thee too fondly sympathize;
Thy griefs my pity claim:
The same sad fate I'm doom'd to mourn;
My feeble limbs the gout has torn,
That tempest of the frame.

60. Instead of the lines in which I have now rendered this of the original, I had once written thus:

And, looking back with horror on the gloom,
Curse the false lights that lured them to their doom.

But on further consideration I am convinced that Persius's lux palustris has nothing to do with Will-o'-th'-wisp, which when alluded to as a misleading light, constitutes a perfectly modern idea.

67—69. Cowley in a letter on Procrastination says: "Persius (whom, you used to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you could not understand him, and whom therefore I say I know not to be a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinations which methinks is full of fancy: Jam cras hesternum, &c.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store
'Till the exhausted well can yield no more."

71. Canthum. The iron hoop or rim with which a wheel is bound. Quintilian says (i. 5.): Barbarismum pluribus modis accipimus. Unum in *gente*, quale sit si quis Afrum vel Hispanum Latinæ orationi nomen inserat: ut ferrum quo rotæ vinciuntur dici solet *Canthus*, quanquam eo tanquam recepto utitur Persius." The word according to Burman is of Celtic origin. The Germans have a word *Kante*, signifying a corner, edge, or border. There is also a Greek word Κανθος, which in their medical writers signifies oculi angulus vel circulus interior. What is the connexion or what the common parentage of these words, it is now impossible to determine. The reader who wishes to prosecute the search may consult Casaubon's note. I shall only add that Ovid wishing to express the thing denoted by the word Canthus, in his story of Phaëthon, is driven to a circumlocution. In describing the chariot of the Sun, he mentions the *summæ curvatura rotæ*.

73. Libertate opus est. Here begins the stoical paradox which is treated with admirable good sense and no small portion of wit to within three lines of the end of the satire. This paradox may be seen well handled in Epictetus's Discourses preserved by Arrian, B. iv. C. 1. where many of the arguments and allusions are similar to those used by our Satirist. The philosophical Euripides has introduced a sentiment of the like kind in his Hecuba, v. 858. Ed. Pors. and Horace has touched the topic with exquisite spirit in those fine lines of his beginning—Quisnam igitur liber? &c. See also Cicero's Paradox V.

Velina; The Veline tribe was one of the lowest of the Roman tribes.

74. Publius. Slaves on being manumitted received a *prænomen*. So Hor. B. 2. S. v. 32.

Quinte, puta, aut *Publî* (gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ)!

75. Una Quiritem vertigo facit. See Sat. iii. 106. See also the same allusion in Epictet. Arrian. B. ii. C. 1. Brewster quotes a passage from Addison's Dialogues on the use of medals: "I cannot forbear (says Cynthio) repeating a passage out of Persius, that, in my opinion, turns the ceremony of making a free-man very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a wand on his head, and giving him a turn on the heel, were necessary circumstances. A slave thus qualified became a citizen of Rome, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his forefathers."

76. Tressis. Cicero in one of his Epistles has *Semissis homo*. A very similar expression of contempt occurs in Shakespear's King John, Act. I. Sc. 2. "Lest men should say, Look where *Three-farthings* goes!" where he alludes to the silver three-farthing pieces current in the reign of Elizabeth.

83. See Epict. B. iv. C. 1. where the reasoning is exactly similar. And both very much resemble the argument of the Jews with our Saviour, in St. John's gospel, viii. 33, 34. "Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin. They answered him, we be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; How sayest thou, ye shall be made free?"

86. Mordaci lotus aceto. So Hor. B. 1. S. vii. 32. Italo perfusus aceto; but by no means in a similar sense.

90. Masurî rubrica. This Masurius was an eminent lawyer in the time of Tiberius, and wrote a work on the Civil Law. The Jus Prætorium was called *Album* and contained the edicts of the Prætors. Jus Civile was called Rubrica from the red letters used, I suppose in the Preambles. See Quintil. xii. 3. Juvenal xiv. 192.

93. Tenuia. Virgil also makes *Tenuia* a Dactyl, Georg. I. 397.

Tenuia nec lanæ per cœlum vellera ferri.

See note on S. ii. 10. supra.

97. This is like a verse in the Σφηκες of Aristophanes:

Ἐρδοι τις ἣν ἑκαστος εἰδειη τεχνην.

Quam quisque nôrit artem, in hac se exerceat.

as Cicero has neatly rendered it in his Tuscul. Quæst.

100, 102, 103, 104, 108. In all these verses there are near resemblances to Horace which the reader may see in Casaubon's list.

106. This is a common allusion among the antients. Thus Epictetus, B. 1. C. xx. "The first and greatest work of a philosopher is to try and distinguish appearances; and to admit none untried. Even in money, where our interest seems to be concerned, you see what an art we have invented; and how many ways an assayer uses to try its value; by the sight, the touch, the smell, and lastly the hearing. He throws the piece down, and attends to the jingle; &c." Mrs. Carter's Transl. See also a beautiful passage in Euripides's Medea, v. 516. Ed. Porson.

111. This is the common test of a philosophical spirit proposed by Epictetus *passim*.

112. Salivam Mercurialem. The enticing dainties offered you by Mercury, that is, accidental gain of any kind. So in Sat. vi. 24, Saliva is used in the sense of a delicate or fine flavour. Dryden has made strange work of this passage by attaching modern ideas to antient words.

116, 117. In allusion to the old fable, as Hor. B. 2. S. iii. 186.

Astuta ingenuum Vulpes imitata Leonem.

Epictetus B. iv. C. 5. says: "What is said of the Lacedemonians (Lions at home, Foxes at Ephesus) may be applied to us too: Lions in the school, but foxes out of it" Mrs. Carter's Trans.

118. Funemque reduco. I pull in the rope again; that is, I again assert that you are but in a state of slavery. So Horace says —Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat. Erasmus in his Adagies has entirely misrepresented the allusion.

119. Digitum exere, peccas. This idea is borrowed from the Porch. See Casaubon's intances, to which may be added a passage in one of the fragments of Epictetus collected by Upton. "Philosophy says, It is not fit even to move a finger without some reason."

123. Casaubon would read *Satyrum moveare Bathylli*, which certainly would approach nearer to the similar passage of Horace, Nunc *Satyrum*, nunc agrestem Cyclopa *movetur*. B. 2. Ep. 2. Pylades and Bathyllus were eminent dancers in the reign of Augustus, and seem to have been the first who attempted by the mere power of *imitative gesticulation* to express an entire Dramatic action.

124. Tot subdite rebus. See Hor. B. 2. S. vii. 70, and 75, where the same topic is treated with his accustomed good-humour and gaiety.

130. Quî tu impunitior exis. See Hor. ibid. v. 105.

132. I need scarcely inform the reader that in the 55th number of the Spectator there is a beautiful allegorical tale founded on this passage of Persius, who seems indeed to have been a favourite author of Addison. See note on S. vi. 30.

In Cowley's Ode on Liberty there are several thoughts seemingly suggested by this satire of Persius. The reader will not be displeased if I transcribe an extract from the ode above-mentioned, and I do it with the more readiness because Cowley is a poet not much read (I believe) in the present times, when the καινοσπουδον has taken a different turn, perhaps not much for the better.

> These are by various tyrants captive led:
> Now wild *Ambition* with imperious force
> Rides, reins, and spurs them, like th' unruly horse:
> And servile *Avarice* yokes them now,
> Like toilsome oxen, to the plough.
> And sometimes *Lust*, like a misguiding light,
> Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.

If any few among the great there be,
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n these too fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency.

\- - - - -

'Tis morning: well, I fain would yet sleep on:
You cannot now; you must be gone
To Court or to the noisy Hall;
Besides the rooms without are crowded all:
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah, cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape, out at the postern fly,
And get some blessed hours of liberty.

\- - - - -

To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life—to live.

Boileau has almost translated Persius in his 8th Satire, v. 69—96.

Le sommeil sur les yeux commence à s'épancher.
Debout, dit l'Avarice, il est tems de marcher.
Hé laissez-moi. Debout. Un moment, tu répliques;
A peine le soleil fait ouvir les boutiques.
N'importe, leve-toi. Pourquoit faire après tout?
Pour courir l'océan de l'un à l'autre bout,
Chercher jusqu' au Japon la porcelaine et l'ambre,
Rapporter de Goa le poivre et le gingembre.
Mais j'ai des biens en foule, et je puis m'en passer.
On n'en peut trop avoir; et pour en amasser,
Il ne faut épargner ni crime ni parjure;
Il faut souffrir la faim, et coucher sur le dur:
&c.

136. E sitiente Camelo, from the camel yet thirsting from his ourney.

138. This answer of Avarice is something like that of Tiresias to Ulysses, in Hor. B. 2. S. v. 20, Ergo pauper eris.

140. *Pellis* here means what was properly called *Segestre*, that is, a large wrapper originally made of matting, and afterwards of leather. It was used to pack up the baggage in, particularly the provisions and every article requisite for cooking them.

So says Dacier (on Hor. B. 1. S. vi. 109.), but as usual without citing any authorities.

148. Sessilis obba—a can made broad at the bottom and slender toward the top, so as not easily to be overturned by the ship's motion. Some copies read *fissilis obba*, which reading Koenig adopts. But surely the pitch, which had affected the wine, would at the same time keep the vessel from cracking.

151. The verse of my translation which answers to the words *Nostrum est quod vivis* in the original, I owe to Dryden. Let him that blames me for appropriating it to myself, try if he can improve upon it. For my own part I feel no scruples of conscience whatever, when I am translating an antient poet, in borrowing from others what I am unable to surpass. Should I be detected in any of these freedoms without acknowledgment, the reader will have the candour to impute it to inadvertency.

159. Brewster gives us a similar allusion from Hudibras, Canto III. Part. 2.

For tho' the dame has been my bail
To free me from enchanted jail;
Yet, as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose
And quits his clog; but all in vain—
He still drags after him his chain;
So, tho' my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed.

See also Hor. B. 2. S. viii. 70.

161. A similar allusion to the character of a lover named Thrasonydas in one of Menander's comedies, is to be found in Epict. Arrian. B. iv. C. 1. See also Hor. B. 2. S. viii. 260—264. Persius alludes to the original Eunuch of Menander, which Terence has closely copied in his comedy called by the same title, except that he has altered the names. See Ter. Eun. Sc. I.

165. Udas—fores. So Juv. S. viii. 159. udus amomo. And Lucretius (B. iv. 1172.) in a passage as beautiful as any in his truly poetical, though absurdly sceptical, work.

> At lacrymans exclusus amator limina sæpe
> Floribus et sertis operit, *postesque superbos*
> *Unget amaracino*, et foribus miser oscula figit.

169. Solea, puer, objurgabere rubra. So Ter. Eun. Act. V. Sc. 8.

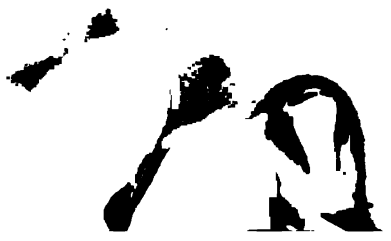
> Utinam tibi commitigari videam sandalio caput!

178. A good account may be seen in a note of Mr. Gifford's to his Juvenal of the Floralia, which by the way were the original of our May-day Frolics.

180. See Mr. Drummond's note on this passage. It is always pleasing to discern little coincidences between profane and sacred writings. St. Matthew begins his narrative of the beheading of John the Baptist thus: Γενεσιων δε αγομενων του Ἡρωδου, ωρχησατο κ. τ. λ. Chap. xiv. v. 6.

186. Grandes Galli—the priests of Cybele. *Grandes* (says Koenig) spectat ad corporis staturam, qualis esse solet spadonum.

Ib. Lusca sacerdos—the priestess of Isis. *Lusca* autem (says the old scholiast, commended by Koenig) ideo quod nubiles deformes, cum maritos non invenerint, ad ministeria deorum se conferant. It seems to me that the epithet in question is used merely to show the country whence the priestess came, namely Egypt; where the disorder called the Opthalmia was so frequent that to say a *one-*



eyed priestess might well be supposed almost synonymous with an *Egyptian priestess*.

191. Curto centusse. This is understood by some to mean a broken or defective piece of money, something like this proverb, which B. Johnson has introduced in Every man in his own Humour, "He values me not a crack'd Three-farthings." But I believe the epithet *curto* denotes merely the paltry value of the *Centussis*, like *brevis semuncia* in v. 121. supra.

NOTES ON SAT. VI.

1. The Romans used to go to their country villas in the winter. Thus Horace talks of going to reside in his Sabine seat *ipsis Saturnalibus*, that is, in December, B. 2. S. iii. 5. And again in v. 10. of the same satire,

Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto.

Upon which verse the scholiast remarks: "Amavit enim Horatius focum luculentiorem, idcirco sub hyemem solebat se transferre in villam propter lignorum copiam." But they preferred a situation by the sea side during the winter months, because there the air was milder. Thus Persius in v. 7. says, mihi nunc Ligus ora *intepet*. Horace, mentioning his friend's Villa at Tarentum, adds

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas.

Again in B. 1. Ep. vii. 10.

Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare descendet vates tuus.

Agreeably to this Lady M. W. Montague says in a letter dated Rome, Nov. 1, 1740. "I purpose making a stay of a month, &c.

...and then I will remove to Naples, to avoid (if possible) feeling the winter." In a subsequent letter dated Naples, Nov. 23. she says, "This town is crowded with people." And in another from the same place, Dec. 6. "The weather is now very moist and misty, and has been so for a long time: However it is much softer than in any other place I know."

2. Tetrico . . . pectine. Mr. Drummond says that he suspects his author's gravity of a pun here, meaning that he alludes to the *mons Tetricus* in the Sabine district. But, if this suspicion be well founded, Livy seems likewise guilty of the same pun, when he says, *Tetrico more Sabinorum.* The word *Tetricus* is equivalent to severus, rigidus, antiquus. Thus Martial says of Pliny the younger, Totos dat tetricæ dies Minervæ.

7. Hybernatque meum mare.—So, *hyemat* mare, Hor. B. 2. S. ii. 17. The expression, latus ingens dant scopuli, resembles Virg. Æn. i. 105. Tum prora avertit et *undis dat latus.* Nothing can well be superior to the brief picturesque description which the poet here gives of his Ligurian villa in one line.

10. Postquam destertuit esse Mæonides, &c. i. e. after he had awakened from that dream in which he fancied himself Mæonides Quintus, &c. One line is still preserved to us of the Annals of Ennius in which he began the description of his poetical vision.

In somneis mihi visus Homerus adesse poëta.

Hence also probably arose the title of *Alter Homerus*, the second Homer, by which he was frequently hailed by his admirers, as Horace informs us in his Epistle to Augustus. *Quintus* prænomen est Ennii, says Koenig.

18. Geminos, Horoscope! varo producis genio. "Every body," says Mr. Drummond, "knows the weakness of Dryden upon the subject of Astrology. He has no note upon these words of Persius."—No, but he has (if I remember aright, for I have not his translation at present by me) upon Sat. v. 45—51: And in his prefatory dedication he boldly cites Persius, with (I think)

Horace and Augustus, as all firm believers in Astrology. This conclusion, so far as Persius is concerned, Dryden must have founded on the passage before us and that above-mentioned in the fifth satire. Now it is curious that Mr. Drummond from the same premises draws a directly opposite conclusion. ' " The number (says he) of judicial Astrologers at Rome seems more than once to have excited the *indignation* of the poet." I confess I can see no room for drawing a conclusion on either side from the mere passing allusion to a popular superstition, and that Horace and Persius might or might not be believers in judicial Astrology for any thing that they have left written on the subject.

Dryden's conclusion is more particularly inadmissible. As well might we infer from the following line of Juvenal,

Uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva,

that he believed in the reality of the popular notion to which he there alludes. I am rather surprized that Astrology has not oftener been made the object of Satire. Butler indeed ridicules it in many parts of his Hudibras, and Hall has bestowed a few lashes upon it in what he calls his *Biting Satires;* B. 2. S. vii.

Thou damned mock-art, and thou brain-sick tale
Of old Astrology, where did'st thou vaile
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
The black bronds of some sharper satyrist?
Some doting gossip 'mongst the Chaldee wives
Did to the credulous world thee first derive;
And superstition nurs'd thee ever sence,
And publisht in profounder art's pretence;
That now who pares his nails or libs his swine,
But he must first take counsel of the Signe?

27. Officium—Not duty in general, but that particular branch of it which consists in a kind attention to our friends. Thus the attendance of clients upon their patron when they went to and from the Senate or the Forum, was called doing their *officium*. With re-

spect to the general drift of the argument in this passage, see Hor. B. 2. S. ii. 103—105. also Juv. S. xiv. 295—302, who has I think pretty evidently condescended there to copy from his predecessor Persius.

30. Brewster here quotes a part of Addison's Dialogue on Medals. The latter part of it relating to the general merits of Persius I have already had occasion to quote in the preface. The former is as follows: "I am apt to think (says Eugenio) from certain passages of the poets, that several ships made choice of some God or other for their guardian, as among the Roman Catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular saint. The figure of the deity was very large, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a wreck described by Persius, &c."

32. Frange aliquid. *Frango* is here used in the sense of *partem do*, as in Juv. S. vii. 219. Et qui dispensat, *frangit sibi*. As to the expression *de cespite vivo*, I agree with Casaubon: Vivum cespitem opponit *messi*, id est, annuo proventui. The former injunction was to live up to his harvest, that is, to spend the full annual profits of his estate. To this it is answered, that occasions may occur when benevolence may call for a considerable sum of ready money, which he that expends his full income will find it difficult to spare. Nay, says the poet, do not limit your expenditure on such pretences. But if a case should occur such as you mention, namely that of a friend falling into sudden distress, set off a portion of your landed property at once, of the *living sod* itself, and give it to the poor wretch rather than see him reduced to a state of beggary. Mr. Drummond's interpretation founded on the circumstance of the altars to the Lares being made of turf is certainly very ingenious. The sacrifices to the Lares, says he, were always in proportion to the daily consumption of provisions. So that *frange aliquid de cespite vivo* means, contract the size of your altars, that is, diminish the quantity of offerings upon them; which is as much as to say, retrench your expenditure. It must be granted that Horace

in two passages of his odes, calls these altars by the term *Vivus cespes*; Ovid also in an Elegy addressed to his wife on her Birth-day, says;

Araque gramineo viridis de cespite fiat,
Et velet tepidos nexa corona focos.

Yet, notwithstanding these parallel passages, I think the old explanation above mentioned the best. For, in the first place, an order to retrench the expences of the table is the very thing of all others which one would least expect here. If this be the sense, the objector has foiled the poet at once, and the precept *Messe tenus propria vive* is no sooner given than it is retracted.

In the next place, this measuring of the expenditure by the dimensions of these turf-altars, seems to me a perfectly new, and quaint idea, an objection which, though in a writer like Persius, it be not absolutely conclusive, yet ought to have its fair weight. But lastly, the circumstance which I began with mentioning, namely, the authority which we have for taking *frango* in the sense of *partem do* or *impertior*, appears at once to determine the question. I will only add that in this and in all other cases, where I may differ from Mr. Drummond on critical points, I beg I may be understood as doing it with the greatest diffidence of my own judgment and respect for his.

33. Cœnam funeris. See Mr. Gifford's notes on Juvenal, in p. 143 of his second Edition.

37. Tune bona incolumis minuas? It is astonishing to me how Casaubon could mistake the sense of these words, where *incolumis* evidently signifies not *vivus* but *impune*. "Do you fancy," continues the objector, "that you are to impair your fortune *without suffering for it?*"

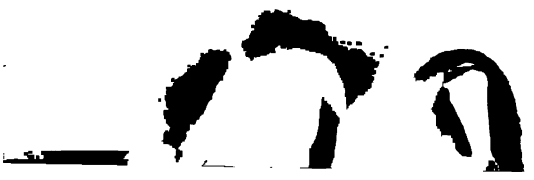
These occasional trips of the greatest commentators ought to inspire humbler ones with modesty. I hope it will not be imputed to me as a breach of this virtue if I here step out of my way to notice one of the strangest blunders into which annotator ever fell, contained in Burton's notes on the Œdipus Tyrannus

of Sophocles. In the squabble between Œdipus and his brother-in-law Creon, whom he suspects of an attempt upon his character and throne, the king having asserted his right to support his own authority in the government, Creon retorts, Οὐτοι κακως γ' ἀρχοντος;— Not if you abuse that authority and govern unjustly. Œdipus indignant at the charge and proudly conscious of the services he had bestowed on Thebes, appeals to its decision in this fine apostrophe, Ὢ πολις, πολις! O my country, my country! Can any thing be imagined more expressive and intelligible? Yet upon these last words we find in the Pentalogia the following note: Hoc dicit, quasi implorans civitatis auxilium contra civem rebellem.

37—40. This passage has been a stumbling-block to all the commentators, and we may apply to it what Casaubon says of the conjectures upon Persius's design in writing his Prologue,—De quo tot diversæ sententiæ sunt proditæ, quot reperti sunt hactenus (extiterunt autem prope innumeri) poëtæ hujus interpretes.

Before Turnebus, says Casaubon, no commentator had given any tolerable explanation of the words *maris expers*. Turnebus, it seems, would place a comma after venit, so that 'nostrum hoc maris expers,' may form a complete sentence by itself; and then its meaning is to be, Nostra disciplina cepit contemni ut cismarina. This construction, however, Casaubon justly condemns as harsh and forced.

Having disposed of this explanation, he then proceeds to offer his readers two different ones of his own, leaving them to chuse for themselves. The first is to take *maris* as the genitive case (not of *mare*, but) of *mas*; and to render maris expers, 'void of all that is manly.' Thus nostrum hoc (sapere) maris expers is to signify 'this enervating and effeminate philosophy of ours.' This interpretation is certainly in some measure countenanced by the expressions in S. I 103. and S. VI. 4. But if Persius had in his eye the *Chium maris expers* of Horace, B. 2. S. VIII. 15. (in which supposition I think all must agree) we cannot but conclude that both Persius and Horace applied the same words in the same sense.



Casaubon next proposes his other interpretation, calling it interpretatio simplicissima, according to which the word *expers* is supposed to signify *expertum*, ἔμπειρος, and then maris expers, as he afterwards tells us in his Persiana Horatii imitatio, is to mean either *mari conditum*, mixed with sea-water, or *mari advectum*, brought over seas. For this acceptation of expers we have no classical authority beyond that of the old Scholiast, who roundly asserts that the word may mean either ἐμπειρος or ἄπειρος. I can only say that, while authority is not for him, analogy is wholly against him; for expers can never be derived from *experior*, but is plainly compounded of *ex* and *pars*, and is similar in its form to such compounds as excors, exsors, and many others. Upon the whole then both these explanations given by Casaubon, together with that of his idolized Turnebus, may fairly be consigned over to the class of those others which he terms indigna cur eorum ratio haberetur.

Bond paraphrases the passage thus: Postquam hæc nostra sapientia Romana, olim navigii ignara, nobis advecta est e Græcia in urbem cum peregrinis mercibus. This construction seems far better than any of the three above-mentioned. But there are two strong objections which lie against it. First, if Sapere nostrum hoc maris expers means 'Our old-fashioned Roman philosophy,' how can this be said to be brought over to Rome with foreign commodities? Again, *Nostrum hoc sapere* seems to imply ridicule and disgust, like 'Nostrum istud vivere triste,' and therefore can scarcely mean *good old Roman common-sense*.

Tarteron in his French prose translation seems to follow that interpretation of Casaubon, in which expers is taken for expertum, and maris expers for mari advectum. Depuis (says he) que la sagèsse est arrivée en cette ville et a passé la mer avec le poivere, &c. Koenig sides with those who take maris as the genitive case of *mas*.

Mr. Drummond understands *sapere* to mean *taste* or *relish*, in reference to what follows, Foenisecæ, &c. The sense of the whole passage according to him runs thus: So it is that since this our taste (maris expers) not versant in foreign flavours, that is, the

plain natural sense of the Roman people, is come over to the city with pepper and dates, that is, has been corrupted by vicious innovations, our very mowers are become Epicures, &c. It is obvious that this interpretation is liable to both the objections which have been made to Bond's. But besides this, the mention of Doctores Græcos seems to limit the sense of *sapere* to philosophy; neither do I see how maris expers, applied to taste, can ever mean 'not versant in foreign flavours.' Burton construes the words thus; 'this luxury of our own invention,' which differs but little from Mr. Drummond. As for Owen, he cuts the knot by supplying a verse of his own.

Is the reader satisfied, or has he the patience to hear one more interpretation yet? First, let us consider the passage in Horace which Persius had almost certainly in his eye. Among the various dainties which Fundanius describes to have made their appearance at the entertainment given by Nasidienus, it is said that a slave set on *Chium maris expers*. B. 2. s. viii. 15. This, Mr. Drummond thinks means Chian wine, that had never passed the seas, that is, wine made in Italy, but put off upon the guests as foreign. This explanation in my opinion does not harmonize with the general tenor of that satire. Nasidienus is ridiculed not for meanness or an attempt to deceive, but merely for the elaborate panegyric which he pronounces upon all his dishes and wines. His delicacies were really delicacies, but were made disagreeable by the nauseous vanity of the master of the feast. This we are told expressly by the poet himself, and can we wish for better authority?

> Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum et
> Naturas dominus.

Gesner accordingly observes very justly, Non sordes hic apparent, sed putida diligentia et commendatio epularum. Besides, Nasidienus himself opposes the *Chium* to the *citra mare natum*, v. 47.— Acron the old commentator upon Horace, explains maris expers as 'that wine to which, according to the custom of the Greeks, seawater was not added.' Cato and Columella, quoted by Gesner on

the above passage, inform us that a certain wine was made in Italy to resemble the genuine Chian, by mixing with it a small quantity of brine. The reader will perhaps be startled at the mixture. But it will appear that a process not very unlike it existed scarcely a century ago in the South of France, and probably still continues there. The famous Mr. Locke, in a treatise on the growth and culture of vines and olives, &c. first printed from the original MS. in the year 1765, speaking of the process of making wine at Montpellier, adds: "I have been told by those of the country, that they often put *salt*, dung, and other filth in their wine, to help, as they think, its purging."

But to return to Horace; it seems, then, that Chium maris expers was that wine in which this infusion of salt water was *not* made, that is, real and genuine Chian. Hence maris expers seems to have passed into a proverbial expression, applicable to any thing really foreign, and not (as we say) home-brewed. Thus sapere nostrum hoc maris expers, in allusion either to this particular passage of Horace, or to a common proverbial expression founded on the way of making the *pseudo-chian* wine (it matters not which) will mean, 'This fine boasted philosophy of ours, not home-made, but fetched from abroad.' Cum pipere et palmis is imitated by Juvenal, where he talks of the hungry Greek,

Advectus Romam quo pruna et coctona vento.

With regard to Bestius, he seems to be another Vulfenius, glad of every opportunity of reviling the Greek philosophers, and fond of imputing the diffusion of luxury and extravagance to the encouragement given them at Rome. Indeed philosophy seems to have been looked upon by many of the ancients as a source of effeminacy in the public manners. Thus Pericles in his famous funeral oration, is represented by Thucydides as complimenting the Athenians on their superiority to other nations in this among other things, that they could cultivate philosophy without falling into effeminacy: φιλοσοφουμεν (says he) ἀνευ μαλακιας.

I shall only observe farther, that this whole passage from *et*

Bestius down to *pultes* is merely parenthetical, and not (as some have fancied) any new objection brought against extravagance. This is obvious from the words which follow;—Hæc cinere ulterior metuas, which are evidently spoken in answer to the objection stated above, and beginning thus: Sed cœnam funeris heres negliget.

40. Pultes, pottage; the ordinary food of the older Romans, as we learn from Juv. XIV. 171.

43. It may be necessary to inform the English reader, that it was customary among the Romans for their generals to decorate with a sprig of Bays, the letters in which they communicated to the senate the intelligence of a victory. See Pliny's Letters, XV. 30.

47. Cæsonia, the wife of Caligula. "The mighty threats of this emperor against the Germans, (says Tacitus) terminated in ridicule." We are told also by Suetonius that he procured a number of tall men, with their hair dyed red, to personate captives, in order to give credit to his pretended victory over the Germans. In which trick he was afterwards followed by Domitian; see Tac. Vit. Agric. c. 39.

Koenig thinks that *locat* here means that the empress *contracted for* the Chlamydes, &c. and N. Heinsius was of the same opinion. But I think this sense does not so well harmonize with the context, where the triumph is spoken of in the dry ironical way of Persius, as a really magnificent one, *Insignem ob cladem*, &c. His observation on the *ingentes Rhenos* carries with it a much higher degree of probability. He thinks that these are not captives brought from the banks of the river Rhine (who would, he urges, more properly be termed *Rhenani)*, but actual carved images of that river personified; and their plurality he supposes had reference to its different mouths. That statues representing cities and rivers were often carried in the procession and formed part of the pageant at a triumph, is clear from the authorities which he cites. I confess I have no illustration to offer on the subject, unless it should be

thought to favour the conjecture that the same epithet *ingentes*, has already in this satire been applied to carved images of the gods. But so it is likewise to living men, as at the end of the fifth satire; and the mention made by Suetonius of the *tall* men hired by Caligula to personate German captives, rather makes for the other interpretation, to which (it being a matter of no great consequence) I have adhered in my translation.

48, 50. So Hor. B. 2. S. III. 85.

——————— Gladiatorum dare centum
Damnati populo paria, atque epulum.

51, 52. The commentators in general take *exossatus* in the sense of 'having the stones picked off,' that is, in a good state of cultivation, and this on the strength of what? why merely of one of Ovid's nonsensical conceits in which he calls stones the *bones* of mother earth. They cannot however adduce any passage from any author, where the term *exossatus* is applied in a similar way. Lucretius uses the word (B. IV. 1265) in the sense of *exhausted, debilitated*, quasi medulla exsucta. I therefore after much doubt and deliberation understand the passage thus: *Non adeo*, inquis: "I refuse (you answer) to enter on the inheritance." The word *adeo*, with *hæreditatem* annexed or implied, is a law term, and may be found in Cicero's oration for Archias. Exossatus ager: "Your land (or your fortune) will soon be wholly exhausted, if you proceed at this rate." The poet then answers: Juxta est age si mihi nulla, &c. that is, "Come then, suppose I have no relation near me, or ready at hand, to whom I may leave my fortune, why I can go to Bovillæ and I shall soon find some beggar there who will be glad to become my heir." What has puzzled the commentators so much is their having separated *Juxta est* from what follows, for which I can see no reason whatever. Such is the best sense which I can make of this obscure passage, and I feel a considerable portion of confidence that the sense which I have adopted is the true one. But to avoid obscurity in my translation, I have

indulged in a little expansion. After all, I must address my author in the words of Œdipus to Tiresias,

Ὡς παντ' ἀγαν γ' αἰνικτα κἀσαφη λεγεις !

55. Bovillæ is the name of a village on the Appian road, eleven miles from Rome. Clivum Virbî: This hill of Virbius was four miles from Rome on the same road. Hills were in Persius's time, as well as now, a favourite stand for beggars, the necessity under which travellers lie of going slowly up an ascent being no small advantage to the petitioners. As to the origin of the name *Virbius*, see Virgil's Æn. VII. 765. and his commentators.

56. Manius was a name appropriate to the most miserable order of beggars, (whence the proverb, Multi Manii Ariciæ) and corresponding to Μανης in Greek. This is made evident from the following epigram or rather epitaph.

Μανης οὐτος ἀνηρ ἡν ζων ποτε· νυν δε τεθνηκως
Ἰσον Δαρειῳ τῳ μεγαλῳ δυναται.

I lived a *Manius* ; but, since here I lie,
Darius' self has not more power than I.

57. Progenies terræ. A man of obscure birth is called terræ filius. So Cic. Ep. ad. Att. says: Et huic *terræ filio* nescio cui committere epistolam tantis de rebus non audebam.

60. This line is certainly explained aright by Koenig, and it is surprising that no commentator or translator hit upon the sense before him. "If," says Persius, "you ascend in a direct line from my grandfather to my great-grandfather, and so on, you will arrive at last at some *son of earth*, and thus Manius, being his brother and born of the same parent, will turn out to be nearly my great-uncle." The conceit is somewhat puerile and jejune; but I have not thought myself at liberty on that account to reject it in my translation. Juvenal has a similar joke; Malim *fraterculus* esse *Gigantis*. IV. 98.

61. Cur me in decursu lampada poscas? A proverbial allusion to

the torch-races of the Greeks, the nature of which does not seem to be very accurately ascertained. According to the old scholiast, it was a custom at Athens, when young men ran these races, for him who first reached the goal to hold up a torch, and deliver it to him that came in next, who in like manner transferred it to his follower, and so on. Lucretius alludes to the same custom, when he says,

Et quasi cursores, vitaï lampada tradunt.

65. Quicquid id est. So Ter. Hecyr. Act 3. sc. 5. Quicquid id est quod reliquit, profuit.

69. Unge, puer, caules. So Hor. B. II. S. III. 125. Ungere si caules oleo meliore, &c.

71. Anseris extis. The liver of a goose which had been stuffed and fattened with milk, figs, &c. and which liver in consequence swelled to an immense size, was considered a great dainty among the Romans.

73. Trama, the woof. Hence the French word *Trame*, and perhaps our own *Trammel*.

77. Cappadocia was famous for producing good slaves.

Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex.—Hor.

Plausisse, to pat upon the back. So Ovid in his story of Europa and the bull, corpora dat *plaudenda* manu. And Virgil, giving precepts how to train the charger, says that he must learn *plausa* sonitum cervicis amare.

78. This passage is imitated by Juvenal XIV. 316. to the end.

80. Chrysippe, tui put for Chrysippei, says Casaubon. Persius has a similar instance of quick transition of address, in Sat. I.—Te, Lupe! te, Mucî!

Gesner's account of the Sorites or Logic Pile of Chrysippus is this; "The Sorites is a fallacious mode of arguing, founded on the uncertainty of what constitutes a heap. Thus, do three grains make a heap? No. Do four? No. &c. It is applicable in the case of all vague words, which denote not any absolute and cer-

tain measure, but what is only relatively much or little. Thus, Is he rich who has six hundred pounds a year? Is he learned who knows so and so? In like manner Horace reasons, Is that author an ancient who lived a hundred years ago? are ninety-nine years enough? are ninety-eight? In all such cases it is difficult to draw the limiting line exactly." See his note on Hor. B. 2. Ep. I. 47. where by the bye the poet applies the *rationem ruentis acervi* with the happiest effect.

END OF THE NOTES.

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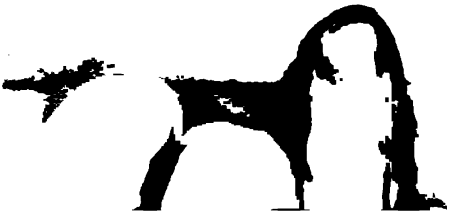

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